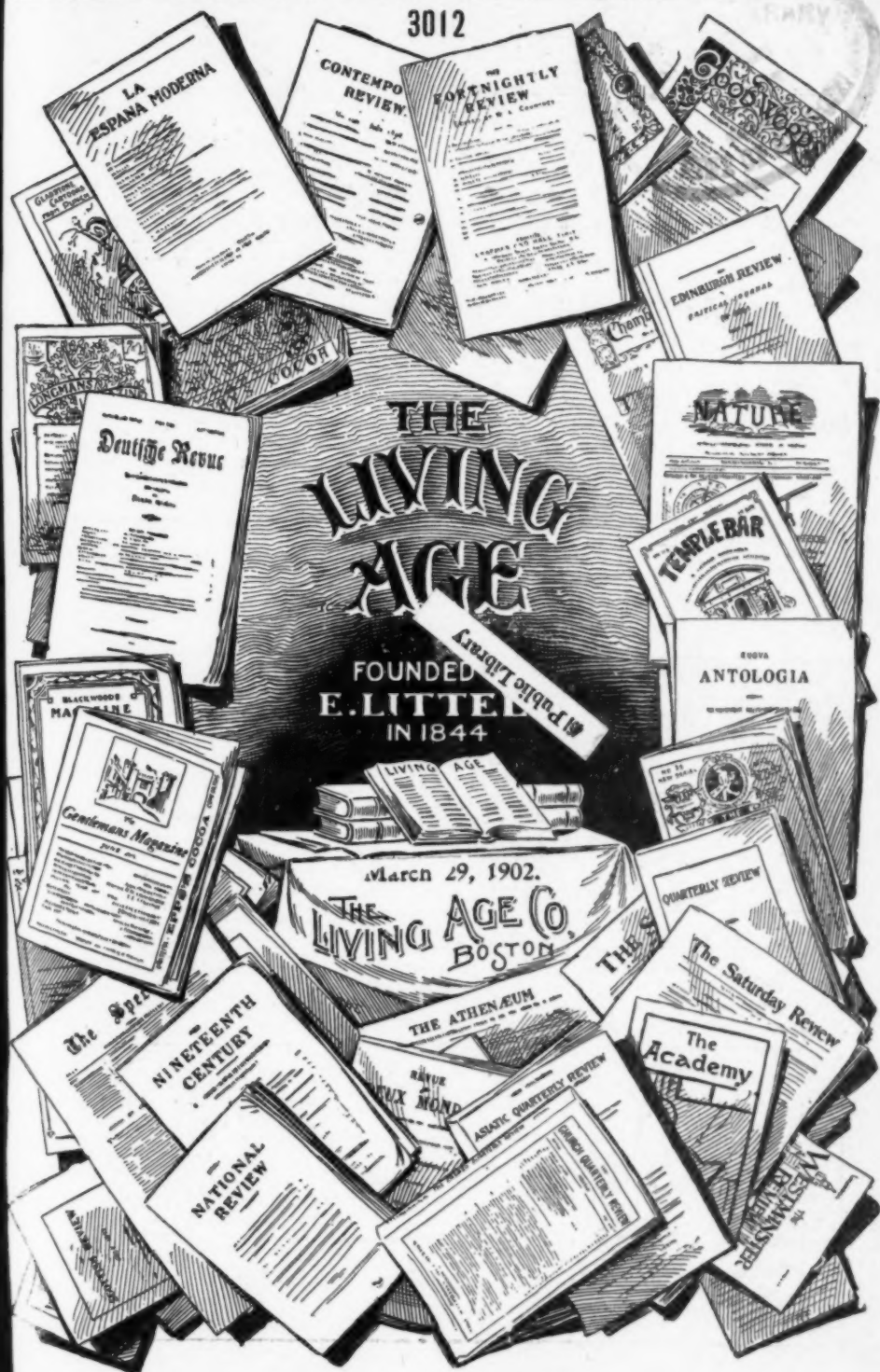


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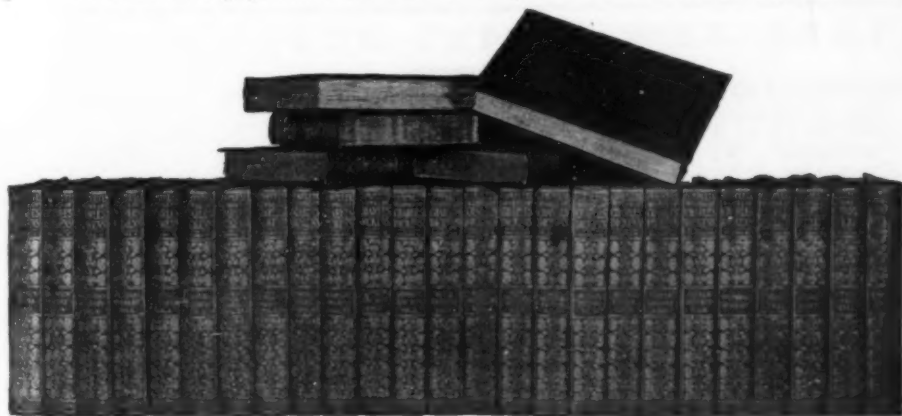
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## GRILLPARZER: MUSICIAN AND POET.\*

### I.

Grillparzer himself would perhaps have protested against the double title here assigned him, for though equally enamored of music and of poetry, it was his constant aim, as we shall see, to separate rather than to confound them. But his protest would have been vain, for poetry and music are intimately blended in all his works, and yet more so in the nature and genius of the man.

A practical musician, pianist and composer, he certainly was. The archives of the "Société des Amis de la Musique" at Vienna contain several manuscript books of his exercises in numbered bass, harmony and counterpoint. M. Hanslick saw not long since at the house of Caroline Frölich, the life-long friend of the poet, three of Grillparzer's compositions. The first was the famous Ode of Horace—"Integerrimæ scelerisque purus"—arranged for bass voices with piano accompaniment; then there was a song written for Heine's verses, "Du schönes Schiffermädchen," the style of which reminded M. Hanslick both of Haydn and Mozart, and finally a strong, impassioned aria for a bass voice, adapted

to the words: "Life is a combat—a war without a truce."

Grillparzer therefore, as the phrase goes, "possessed" music; but even more truly may it be said that music possessed him, and was a powerful adjunct often to his poetical inspirations. The first idea of his trilogy of "The Golden Fleece" came to him while playing the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. He was just then leaving for Italy and, before he came back, the fleeting conception seemed quite to have disappeared. But the symphonies again—more faithful even than he—revived the memory of what they had originally suggested. Music is frequently introduced into the dramas and tragedies of Grillparzer. Sometimes it envelops them like an atmosphere; sometimes it penetrates them through and through. We feel it in that lyrical quality, which leaps from the lips of his characters in a gush of harmonious words. "Sappho," "Libussa," "The Waves," are true lyric dramas. Essentially musical is the emotion of those juvenile souls, just wakening to the sense of love, whose vague trouble is betrayed by a subdued murmur before it finds voice in words which appeal to the intelligence. There is music in the solitary reveries of

\*Translated for The Living Age.



Hero; in the dim desires and wistful aspirations, the penumbra whereof the poet will not illumine by analysis, but whose voiceless utterance he compels us to hear. There is music everywhere in the rôle of Rodolph II, who discerns the harmony of the spheres. There is music finally in Grillparzer's very diction, which may not indeed, boast the dry precision of an instrument of pure thought, but has always the subtle and persuasive charm of a voice that speaks to the soul.

The truth is that Grillparzer was initiated into poetry by music. As he himself said once to Beethoven: "It was music that taught me to apprehend melody in verse." Gratitude, no less than inborn inclination, led him in all his works as a writer, both of prose and poetry, to assign a great and splendid part to musical effect. He studied literary composition, both musically and philosophically; he adorned it as a poet, a thinker and a lover. Among the illustrious composers, with whom he was contemporary, or nearly so, there were some like Mozart and Schubert, whom he fully comprehended; others, like Beethoven, whom he understood partially; others again like Weber, and afterward Wagner, whom he found unintelligible and was ready to declare accursed. But no one of our great writers—not even Jean Jacques Rousseau—has ever appreciated music as music more thoroughly, or loved it more passionately than he. One other writer only, M. Hanslick, the author of "The Poor Musician," has gone so deeply into the mysterious life of sound as to have made of it his own domain. To the very end of his long life Grillparzer found in music the utmost possible delight of the senses, the heart and the mind. Music was his most faithful companion, and his sweetest comforter, linked to his destiny no less than to his genius. Of him it has been well

said by Berger, that "the first and present inspirations of his muse came to him in the form of melody without words. To these he lent an attentive ear translating and transposing them into poetic language. The ultimate source and final end of his poetic endeavor was that dreamy and delicious mood of mind which diffuses its thrilling sweetness over all the air, like the soft vibration of those echoes which return to us from spaces remote and unseen. At the point where music and poetry meet, we feel the pulsation of his heart."

## II.

Grillparzer was born in 1791—the year when Mozart died—and he lived till 1872, at which period almost all the works of Wagner had been given to the world. Few men have survived a period so long and so important in the history of musical art. Eighty years are almost an age in the mere evolution of time; in that of the ideal they represent a period that seems infinite. Can we wonder that, broad as his mind was, he did not take in the whole epoch; that even an eye-witness of changes and contradictions so great should have failed fully to comprehend and entirely to accept them?

Franz Grillparzer was born in Vienna, of a musical family, in a musical city. His mother, Anna Sonnleithner, who "lived and breathed music," was the daughter of a jurist with whom music was a passion, and the sister of two men whose names are eminent in the history of music and the drama in Austria. Both Haydn and Mozart were frequent guests in that house. The child's first music-teacher was his mother, and he found her lessons so irksome that he came near throwing up the pursuit altogether. From those too nervous maternal hands he was, however, transferred to the

singular tuition of a Bohemian artist, Johann Mederitsch, surnamed Gallus. An admirable contrapuntist but lazy and indifferent, Gallus gave a few marvellous lessons, merely to escape starvation. Half the lesson hour he consumed in playing with his pupil, not *à quatre mains* on the piano, but *à quatre pattes*, under it. But the other half was devoted to improvisations to which Madame Grillparzer listened in ecstasy.

The method cannot have been so bad a one, after all, for little Franz made great progress. His first compliment, as he himself has told us, came from the cook. "The execution of Louis XVI was then fresh in the memory of all, and among other exercises I had been made to learn a march which was said to have been played when he was on the way to the guillotine. At a certain point in the second part of this composition, I had to let my finger slide over an octave to represent the fall of the knife, and when the old woman heard me she burst into tears and refused to listen any longer."

Notwithstanding this domestic success, the child showed a much more decided taste for the violin than for the piano. His parents would keep him, however, to the detested instrument; and one night when he and his brother were to have "shown off" before the company in the paternal drawing-room, Franz tried to escape the nuisance by running away, and hiding in a remote bed-chamber. Whereupon his father, who was never to be trifled with, stopped his music-lessons altogether.

It was not until after the lapse of seven or eight years—which cannot have been very happy ones, either for the boy or his parents—that Grillparzer once more opened the instrument which he had by this time forgiven. "I had forgotten everything," he says, "even my notes. But luckily my old master

Gallus had taught me, more in jest than in earnest, something about numbered bars, and given me some notion of the principal chords. I loved harmony, my chords resolved themselves naturally, and I made simple melodies." Grillparzer always played thus, out of his own head, and he could go on improvising for hours together. Later he studied counterpoint, "and then," he says, "I could compose and develop more satisfactorily, but the true inspiration was gone forever."

It was a source of keen regret to him that he came too late to have seen Mozart; but Schubert he knew, and better still Beethoven, with whom as is well known, he came rather near collaborating. In a poem dedicated to the composer of the "*Roi des Aulnes*" he emphatically asserts, though without proceeding to define, the originality of Schubert's genius. "Schubert is my name! I am Schubert! Take me for what I am! I do homage to the works of the old masters. I revere them; but nothing of their works shall enter into mine. Praise me and I shall be glad; blame me, and I will endure your censure. Schubert is my name! I am Schubert!" To the composer, as a man, Grillparzer alludes but once. He describes him seated at the piano in the house of the charming sisters Frölich, which was an asylum for Grillparzer himself as long as he lived. Kate, the one whom he loved best, was sitting close beside Schubert, deeply moved, almost intoxicated by the sounds he was producing. "His more poignant passages seemed to occasion her such anguish that some one called out to him to stop. But the cruel discords resolved themselves into serene harmonies, and the eyes of the charming girl, which had been brimming with tears, became bright once more with a gladness like that of sunshine after rain."

Very different, and much more con-

stant and intimate, were the relations of Grillparzer with Beethoven; and many a striking trait, both physical and mental, of the great musician may be gathered from the "Recollections" of the poet.

It was in 1805, at the house of his uncle Sonnleithner, that Grillparzer first saw the author of the "Heroic Symphony." He was then fourteen and Beethoven thirty-five. "A year or two later," to quote his own narrative,

"I passed a summer with my parents in the village of Heiligenstadt near Vienna. Our apartment overlooked the garden, while Beethoven had taken the rooms upon the street. The two lodgings had in common the corridor which led to the staircase. My brothers and I thought very slightly of the grotesque-looking personage (he had already grown fat and was very careless, not to say untidy, in his dress) who seemed to be always muttering when we passed him in the passage. But my mother, whose love for music was a passion, could not resist, when she heard him at the piano, the impulse to go into the passage aforesaid and listen devoutly, leaning against our own door, however, not his. She had done this a number of times, when one night Beethoven's door was abruptly opened; he came out, saw my mother and rushed back again, only to reappear with his hat on his head, plunge down the staircase four steps at a time and vanish in the outer darkness. He never touched his piano again.

"The next summer, or the next but one, I was a great deal with my grandmother, who had a country house in the little village of Döbling. Beethoven also was then living at Döbling, in a ruinous house exactly opposite my grandmother's, belonging to a particularly ill-conditioned peasant named Flehberger. Beside his miserable house this Flehberger had a daughter, Lisa, very pretty, but of doubtful reputation. Beethoven appeared to be much interested in the girl. I can see him now coming up the Rue du Cerf with a white handkerchief in his hand, that

trilled upon the ground. He used to stop before the gate leading into the Flehbergers' yard, and gaze at the unabashed beauty, standing firmly upright upon a hay- or dung-cart, wielding the pitchfork with ease and laughing as she worked. I never saw him speak to her; he simply looked and looked, without a word, until the girl, who much preferred the country bumpkins, would anger him by some impertinent jest, or by obstinately affecting not to see him at all, after which he turned upon his heel and departed. The very next time he passed the gate, however, he would pause as before and his sympathy with the family even went so far that, when the father of Lisa was thrown into prison for being mixed up in a tavern-brawl, Beethoven appeared in person before the municipal authorities to negotiate for his release. On this occasion, as his habit was, he treated the honorable councillors with such contumely that he narrowly escaped being sent to bear his protégé company in the cell of the latter."

Fifteen more years went by, and in 1823 Grillparzer was already a celebrated man, acclaimed by Austria as the best of her dramatic poets. The composer of "Fidelio" now applied to the author of "Sappho" and "The Golden Fleece" for a libretto, but Grillparzer, though deeply sensible of the honor paid him understood also its dangers, and had a presentiment that he should fail. "I had never dreamed," he says, "of writing the words of an opera, and moreover, I doubted whether Beethoven, who was now completely deaf, and whose later works, notwithstanding their great musical value, had been marked by a certain harshness ill-adapted to the voice, was in a condition to write the music." Grillparzer feared, and not without reason, that the unbridled fancy and now lawless genius of Beethoven, would rebel against all constraints of speech and action. He set to work, but without much faith or fervor; and when he

had finished, he was, as he himself avows, not more than half pleased with his own performance. He never, in fact, thought very highly of his "Melusina," with which, to his amazement, Beethoven expressed himself entirely satisfied. Grillparzer even sent word to Beethoven by Schindler, with rare generosity, that he might take the poem to pieces and do what he pleased with it.

The poem, however, strange to say, in view of Grillparzer's future antagonism against Wagner, bears a certain resemblance to the story of "Tannhäuser." A knight loves a fairy who keeps him imprisoned in her underground palace. But neither the caresses of Melusina, nor the songs and dancing of her nymphs, can lull the gnawing remorse of Raymond. He blushes for his own weakness and apathy, and longs to break the flowery chains of pleasure and resume the stern activity of a warrior's life. The pining for deliverance, the consuming thirst for a life of manly action—these are feelings in whose expression Beethoven stands unrivalled, and it was these, no doubt, that fascinated him in the libretto of the "Melusina." But Raymond's repinings and regrets for a free and active life are but occasional and transitory. He is no virile hero; he belongs to the category of those feeble beings incapable of strenuous effort, and easily crushed by circumstance, whom Grillparzer especially excels in depicting. He lapses once more into slavery to Melusina; when the fairy has obtained the boon of death he flings himself into her grave, and both appear in apotheosis, absolved of all their faults, and transfigured because they have loved much.

Beethoven's "Notes of Conversations" and the "Recollections" of Grillparzer both testify to the fact that if the two collaborators never accomplished the joint work as they had planned it, they

discussed it a great deal together. They disputed over some of the details, for instance the "Hunters' Chorus," which Beethoven, vexed by memories of Weber and "Der Freischütz," flatly refused to write. "Weber," said he, "had four choruses. That means, of course, that I must have eight—and where should we be then?" Grillparzer, as we shall see, apprehended even more clearly than Beethoven that this would be going too far; and however it came about—whether through the fault of the poet or the poem—Beethoven did not set Grillparzer's "Melusina" to music, and the latter did not much regret it. Nor did he especially reproach himself, being fully convinced that the poem never was written which would exactly have suited Beethoven, or rather which would wholly have satisfied him.

Beethoven and Grillparzer met, for the last time, in the early part of the year 1826. Beethoven's own "Notes of Conversations" betray the sadness of their interview; especially the mournful and discouraged mood of the poet, who felt, at that time, that his fame, if not his genius, was sensibly declining. He complained bitterly of his fate, accusing himself and the world by turns, and it was Beethoven who was so much the more unfortunate of the two, at once greater and more deeply misunderstood—who undertook to console and strengthen the other. A later visitor has written upon the same page that records the conversation of that day: "Your bracing counsels must have had a good effect on Grillparzer, who seems to me too ready to despair."

One year later Beethoven died. Feeling sure that the end was near, Schindler asked Grillparzer to prepare the great man's funeral oration, and he was working at it on the morning when Schindler came in, and told him that all was over.

Grillparzer was destined to survive

by almost half a century the master whom he may have failed fully to comprehend, but of whom, nevertheless, he knew how to speak magnificently. He owed to Beethoven, and especially to Beethoven in his earlier manner, his own latest experience of extreme delight in music. The music of the succeeding half-century was more than uninteresting, it was positively odious to him. Nor was the lesson in courage which was given him on that day, by the author of the "Heroic Symphony," of any very great advantage to his own life and career. Never quite equal to the manifold trials which he had to encounter, vexed by the failure of some of his work, disconcerted by criticism, and always diffident and inclined to despair of himself, he very soon gave up writing plays. Neither the honors paid him by his country in his old age, nor the touching and faithful personal devotion which he never was man enough openly to acknowledge and consecrate, could ever suffice to allay the morbid restlessness of that unsatisfied spirit. Music alone, the music of the past, never lost its power to console him. He shut himself up, as it were, in an ivory tower, reared by the pure hands of his adored Mozart.

Old age arrived. Like Beethoven he became wholly deaf, and could now say of himself as he had said of the mighty master: "Deeply pierced and torn by the thorns of life, as the shipwrecked man hugs the shore, he fled to thy arms, O music, sister of the Good and True, and no less glorious than they! Soother of suffering, child of the skies! To thee he clung, and even when the gate was closed whereby thou wast wont to come in and talk with him, when deafness had robbed him even of the direct vision of thy face, he carried thy image in his soul, and it lay upon his breast in death."

## III.

The doctrine—I might better say the musical creed—of Grillparzer may be reduced to two points, which have been exactly defined by M. Hanslick. These twin truths which comprise the whole æsthetic of Grillparzer are, the perfect self-comprehension and complete self-mastery of pure music. ("Selbstverständlichkeit und Selbstherrlichkeit der echten Musik.")

Pure music, that is to say, music without words, was ever the object of Grillparzer's impassioned love. He often objected to the association of words with notes, saying that it was like the union between the sons of God and the daughters of men. Dancing which he greatly esteemed, seemed to him worthier of a marriage with music than poetry itself; fitter to accompany and initiate it by forms concrete and plastic, and consequently similar to its own. Grillparzer was all his life curiously sensitive to the beauty of sound, or rather to the beauty of individual sounds. The vibrations of a single note, not even suggesting a melody, would sometimes make him tremble uncontrollably. In his novel of "The Poor Musician" ("Der arme Spielmann") he describes his hero as sent off into ecstasy by a single note upon a violin:—

"Only one, but so true! Very soft at first, then swelling to complete fullness, then diminishing again to the very faintest sigh. Soon another was added, forming a fourth with the first, and the old artist was no less enraptured by the harmony than he had been by the solitary resonance. One after another he touched all the chords—the third, the fifth and the rest—with the same or rather with ever growing delight. By turns he caressed these combinations tenderly or compelled them to yield their full volume of sound. Alone, or with its tonic, each note occasioned the old man a kind of delicious intoxi-



cation, and this was what he called improvising."

A little farther on Grillparzer makes his inspired virtuoso deliver himself as follows:—

"Oh yes, yes! they all play Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart and Sebastian Bach; but, good God! nobody can play Mozart. The eternal boon, the eternal beauty of the audible note, its marvellous affinity with the listening ear; the accord of the third note with the first and the fifth; why it is that the sensibility of the listener is heightened as with a throb of hope fulfilled; the discords abased and overcome, like evil things and proud; those miracles of transition and reversion whereby even the second becomes a harmony—the great musician can reveal all this! But what words can express the indescribable, the fugue, counterpoint, the canon *a due* or *a tre*, the whole miraculous construction of that celestial architecture which needs no cement, but is sustained by the very hand of God?"

Here are musical joys such as only pure music can invoke! In these strange transports and mysterious effects we recognize the "*Selbstherrlichkeit*" of music, the abstract and specific power, the privilege and destiny of sound.

This power and beauty of mere sound is ever endangered and compromised by words. Human speech can but vulgarize these ideal relations, this immaterial interchange. God may have made music and poetry equal, but he has made them distinct. "The Master of life, in His wisdom, has created a world of alternating days and nights. Poetry is the day with its radiant magnificence, music is the night which reveals other worlds." Thus Grillparzer—who would have music divided from poetry, as night is divided from day. In both he sees charms which are not merely unlike

but incompatible; he finds them opposed one to another, not so much by their attributes as by their nature, the main object of poetry being thought, while the whole—or almost the whole—of music is comprised in a fine sensuousness.

"I cannot better illustrate," he says, "the essential unlikeness between poetry and music than by emphasizing the fact that the pleasure we owe to music starts with a quiver of the nerves, a feeling of sensuous gratification, which works first upon the feelings and only in the very last instance, if at all, upon the intellect; whereas poetry, on the contrary, evokes first, a thought; through that, it may be, an emotion; but affects the senses only in the final stage of its expansion or abasement. The ways of the two arts lead in diametrically opposite directions. The one spiritualizes matter, the other materializes mind."

But since these arts, however incompatible, seem obstinately bent on an unnatural marriage, we must accept as a fact their ancient and unhappy union, and declare definitely for one or the other. Grillparzer at least does not hesitate. He is for music, which he proclaims the leading spirit; thus adopting a solution of the eternal problem exactly the reverse of that which is most prevalent just now, and which, from Glück to Wagner, has always been the German solution. "Nothing more absurd can be imagined," he says, "than to make the music of an opera humbly subservient to the words. . . . If the only use of music is to say again what the text has said already, then by all means let the music be suppressed." And again: "He who understands thy power, O melody! thou who needest not to translate into words the message which coming straight from Heaven, goes through the heart and back to Heaven again—he who understands that sovereign power will never con-

sent to make music the meek follower of poetry."

Always and everywhere he both professes and practices the same doctrine. We have seen how lightly he regarded his own poetry and how ready he was to sacrifice it; he never misses an opportunity of impressing upon our minds what is to him a legitimate and necessary hierarchy. He never gets over his own amazement at the inanity of the opera, when regarded from a poetic or any but a purely musical point of view. He makes exceedingly merry over an expression which was new at that time, but which Wagner was destined to render famous—"Tonepoet" ("Tondichter"), a term as absurd, he pretends, to the true musician, as that of "word-musician" ("Wörter muskant") would be to a proper poet.

But Grillparzer goes farther than this. According to him, a good dramatic composer need be no more than a mediocre musician, and is perhaps all the better for his mediocrity.

"The operative composer," he says, "who succeeds most perfectly in following the words of the text will always be a mechanical composer. He, on the contrary, whose music has organic life, an independent and inevitable character, will very soon find himself at war with the words. Every melodic theme obeys the special law of its own formation and development—a law inviolable and sacred, which the musician of genius will never sacrifice to the caprices of any text. The other kind of musician—the prose-musician—can begin anywhere and leave off anywhere; arrange and derange indefinitely fragments which have no natural relation to one another; but an organic whole must be taken or left entire."

Grillparzer is here both carried away and led astray by his love of pure music. He forgets entirely that Mozart—his own beloved Mozart—by what is indeed almost a solitary miracle,

showed himself equally great as a lyric dramatist and a musician. Later on we shall find Grillparzer quite unable to grasp the fact that if Wagner fixed the central point of dramatic music in the orchestra and the symphony, it was precisely because he desired to reserve all the rights of beauty to the music itself, to rescue it from the very servitude and dismemberment which Grillparzer so detested; because Wagner was also at the same time a great dramatic composer and a great musician.

Grillparzer goes farther yet. Not merely does he see nothing beside music in an opera, but in the music itself he sees nothing but abstract music. What I mean is—and upon this point his commentator, M. Hanslick, seems quite to agree with him—he believes in the specific and purely objective beauty of sounds. He appears to belong, at least theoretically, to those whom the late lamented M. Charles Lénègue used to call "the atheists of expression." For him music is self-contained, self-conscious and conscious of itself alone ("Selbstverständlichkeit"). It does not, like architecture, parley with utility, nor like painting and sculpture, with imitation. It is the freest of all the arts and the only one that is truly free. It has been admirably said that "the musical philosophy of Grillparzer, like his entire theory of aesthetics, is based upon the 'kritik' of Kant." The "liberty" and "disinterestedness" which Kant considers the essential characteristics of all art, are found in music in their very highest degree. It is, of all the arts, the least encumbered by any didactic purpose. It is "a joy in itself, and for its own sake," to quote the words of the philosopher. "It is the only art with no ulterior aim, which is always in earnest, however playful in form. If it strays it but attains itself. Ever upon the wing, it may become entangled in its own bonds, but can also clear itself from them."

"Music," says Grillparzer further, "is wordless, of course; because words are arbitrary signs whose meaning depends entirely on the object they designate. A sound may serve as a symbol, but it is also a thing by itself. A series of sounds may give pleasure, as do certain arrangements of line and form in the plastic arts, without reference to any pre-determined representation. A discordant note, like an ugly feature in the plastic arts, occasions a distinctly disagreeable physical sensation, but says nothing whatever to the intellect. . . .

"It follows that music should confine itself to its own sphere; that it should never sacrifice that in which it excels all other forms of language in order to dispute with ideas expressed by words the advantage of greater exactitude; that it should never even attempt to translate sounds into words; that, like every other art, it ceases to be an art when it abandons the form which is proper to its own nature—a form, which, in the case of music, consists in beauty of sound, while with the plastic arts, it consists in beauty of line; and that, just as the poet is mad who dreams of imitating, in his verse, the concords of music, so the musician, who attempts to rival, through the medium of sound, the precision of the poet's language, has simply lost his head."

This definition—or rather this analysis—of music contains a part of the truth, but not the whole. Doubtless it is a good thing to recall music to itself, by insisting that it is, before everything, sound, and beautiful sound. But it is not well strictly to imprison it within itself, for the reason that it is also (within certain limits and under certain conditions, which we shall not attempt here to define) the medium of communication between sound and soul; or, better still, in the words of that musical philosopher, M. Lénègue, whom we have already quoted, between the noblest powers of sound, and the noblest powers of the soul. It is this idea, essential to a full apprecia-

tion of music, which Grillparzer seems to us to have overlooked or misconceived again and again. The notion of the personality, the value and the specific beauty of individual sounds intoxicates him to such a degree that he becomes quite wild. The singular consequence ensues that, in his very effort to exalt music, he degrades it by reducing it to a mere pleasure of sense—an amusement, whose charms cannot atone for its utter vanity. He makes music the servant, not to say the victim, of a mediocre ideal, of that most miserable of all doctrines, the theory of "Art for art," and not even for the whole of art, but for the simple sensation, which is properly but its initial effect and the medium of its message.

On the other hand, Grillparzer, by a sort of happy inconsistency, has now and then corrected in a signal manner the extravagancies of his own doctrine, and restored, so to speak, by a side-wind the principle of expression to his musical *Æsthetic*. He tells us himself that he used to like to set up an engraving before him, and then try to render in music the subject of the drawing. Here we hold him to have been quite wrong. He was conferring upon music, for the nonce, a power to which it can make no legitimate claim. Usually, however, he was wiser and showed a clearer perception of the truth. He speaks in one place of those obscure emotions (*dunkle Gefühle*) which it is the province of music to express, and in an article which he wrote upon, or rather against, Weber, he says: "Over and above the pleasure or the pain which sounds can give us in themselves, they have the power of inducing and expressing certain moral dispositions. Joy and grief, longing and love, have accents all their own." When Grillparzer said to Beethoven, envying the scope of the latter's genius, "Ah, if the critics only knew what you

think when you compose!" It is evident that he gave Beethoven credit for thinking of something—or rather for thought of some kind. If beauty of sound had meant, for him, the mere vibrations of the air, would he ever have written on the cover of Donizetti's Album: "I write to you, and you do not understand. You write to me, and I understand perfectly. The tongue speaks to the head only. The heart has a different language which is the same in all countries"? If, in fine, as Grillparzer continually repeats, "music is mute and yet most eloquent," if "it is silent concerning individual traits, but gives us the sum of the universe," then how many must the thoughts of music be, and how sublime!

## IV.

If now, after stating the doctrine of Grillparzer, we proceed to inquire into its origin and source, our task will be found an easy one. The sources of the poet's creed will be found in his nationality, his character and his destiny.

His lot was not a happy one. As a child he lived under the severe, if not tyrannical rule of a grave and stern father, in a gloomy house in one of the least cheerful streets of Vienna. His mother, ever sensitive and neurotic, became more and more excitable as time went on, and finally, after she became a widow, took her own life, in a fit of insanity. Of the poet's three brothers, two at least inherited the maternal predisposition, while the third, after a series of peculiarly disgraceful adventures, drowned himself at the early age of seventeen, leaving behind him a letter in which he adjured Franz never to marry and perpetuate their accursed race. Very soon, over and above his other troubles, the young man began to know poverty, or, at least, severe pecuniary pressure. The war and the

defeat of Austria, first compromised and then completely ruined the fortunes of the house of Grillparzer. Franz had to give lessons to support himself and those dependent on him. At twenty-two, he was tutor in a castle in Moravia; later he had to seek other kinds of employment in the Royal Library, at the College of Archives; for forty-three years, in fact, the greatest of living Austrian poets led the dependent and depressing life of a sub-official.

His genius afforded him little consolation. He always suffered acutely from criticism, and from the cold fit that inevitably came over his fellow-citizens after a burst of enthusiasm. Nor did he always believe in himself. Sometime after 1826 he wrote: "Of all the torments to which man is liable the bitterest of all is to be despoiled of what had been fairly won, to lose the crown once set upon the head; to stand at one's own death-bed, and follow one's own remains to the grave." He could not face the prospect of surviving the poet in himself, when he believed the latter to be dying. "One thing is certain," he wrote in his journal; "when the poet is done for, I shall send the man after him."

The unhappy lot of Grillparzer was aggravated by an unhappy disposition. His heart, no less than his intellect, was insatiable. He was prevented by queer scruples, by I know not what chimerical fears, from more than half-enjoying the whole-hearted love that was freely offered him. Very strange was the connection between Caroline Frölich and Grillparzer, beginning, as it did, with a stormy engagement that was presently broken off; only to be resumed and to continue fifty years under the—I will not say equivocal, but certainly unsatisfactory, form of mere friendship. Why did not Grillparzer marry his delightful Kathie? I very much fear that it was less out of

deference to the sombre warning of his brother, than through his own selfishness and pride. The poet himself analyzes the feeling that deterred him more perfectly than he excuses it.

"Our life together led me to the conclusion that while marriage would not have been contrary to my nature, the tie was not for me. There is a yielding and conciliatory quality in me which inclines me only too much to follow the direction of others; yet I never could bear the derangement of my inner life, or having any other person incessantly mixed up in it. I could not endure this, even when I most desired it. If I had married I must still have remained solitary. I should have had to forget that my wife had any other being than mine. I could easily have made my share of the reciprocal concessions which prevent painful jars; but a tête-à-tête was a thing absolutely repugnant to my solitary nature."

In the tragedy of "Libussa" Primislus is made to say to the heroine, "Do you understand that the heart must melt before it can be united to another heart?" Grillparzer himself seems never to have understood this.

If now we take a look backward, can we not detect in the doctrine of Grillparzer traces both of his character and his destiny? Was it not his pride as a poet—and yet more as a musician—which led him to pronounce impossible and sacrilegious the marriage of music and poetry, and utterly to repudiate the notion that two arts, any more than two hearts, can ever be merged in one? If more than all things else he adored pure form, inasmuch that even the suffering genius of Beethoven seemed to him less exalted than the happy genius of Mozart, it was perhaps because he feared a fall upon the side to which his life inclined him, the side of melancholy, anguish and gloom. Beethoven plunged him into trouble and strife; Mozart brought him a sense of deliverance and assured joy. To Mozart he

clung, being ever one of those who care less to find than to forget themselves in art.

Grillparzer, in short—and how often he made a boast of it!—was no German but an Austrian, and a South-Austrian at that—which means a half-Italian. As such he adored classic and plastic art, he loved with passion what his biographer so well calls "the beautiful concrete reality." To emotion and character he still preferred perfection and form. In art he would gladly have given all the "ideas" of North Germany for that "exquisite sensualism" considered the glory, not to say the essence, of true music. In the great Italo-German quarrel which divided the Austrian capital from 1816 to 1828, Grillparzer espoused with impassioned ardor the side of Italian music. To the author of the "Frieschütz" and "Euryanthe," he boldly opposed him of "Tancred," and the "Cenerentola." To the cause of Rossini he remained loyal even in its deepest defeat. He once proposed to write a treatise on a subject which has a strange sound to-day:—"Rossini; or the limits of Music and Poetry." The "Stabat Mater" he hailed in a glowing poem, and did his best to kindle into enthusiasm the general coldness of his compatriots.

He complains that they were dull to the exuberant beauty of the work, incapable of abandoning themselves to its influence, and forgetting themselves in so much as a single throb of pure enjoyment. The poet beheld with positive anguish, the rational and rationalizing spirit, the dismal fog of North-Germany, settling down upon his own beloved country, and his poem concludes with a piercing lament: "A treasure has been lost! The treasure of innocent joy! And that treasure, O my Austria, was once thine!"

Thus the race of Grillparzer, no less than his disposition and his individual



destiny, affords a reason for the judgments he pronounced.

This reason will perhaps go farther than all the rest towards explaining the simple adoration of Grillparzer for Mozart. Mozart, in the eyes of Grillparzer, was not merely the chief exponent of his country's genius. He was the country itself—"the rosy youth, who stands between the child, Italy, and the man, Germany." Grillparzer had loved Mozart from his earliest years, in the very lap of his nurse. The woman had once personated an ape, in the "Magic Flute," and it remained her proudest memory. She had but two books, her prayer-book and a copy of the "Zauberflöte," and the child heard from her all the wonders of the opera. When he went on from the words to the music, he became more and more enraptured. Long after he wrote: "The music of those days is not mere music for me; it is my life; it sings my youth. It is all that I ever felt or dreamed in my very best years. This is why no subsequent music seems to me worth anything." Here again we have him repudiating the doctrine of "Art for Art" and a purely objective beauty, since the music of Mozart ravished Grillparzer because it brought back something of his own lost life and self, because in it, to quote another German poet, "the bird of his own youth sang to him again."

But it was by no means himself or his country alone that Grillparzer loved in Mozart. It was also his "exquisite sensualism," the absolute perfection of sound-form and the intoxicating effect upon the ear in which his music stands unrivalled.

No one ever spoke more nobly than our poet has done of the most purely musical of all musicians. "He is ever wrestling with thy eternal enigmas, O thou eye of the soul! thou all-sensitive ear! What enters not by thy portal seemed to him but human caprice, in-

stead of divine language, and he banished it into outer darkness." In 1842 when the monument to the master was dedicated at Salzburg, Grillparzer said:—

"You call him great, and so he was—because he imposed bounds upon himself. What he did and what he refrained from doing weigh equally in the balance of his fame. Precisely because he never desired more than it is lawful for man to desire, there is a positive inevitability about all that he has done. He chose rather to appear smaller than he was, than to inflate himself to monstrosity. The kingdom of Art is a world by itself, but no less real than ours; and all that is real is subject to measure and law."

In quoting these words M. Hanslick declares that he would like to see them written on the door of every musician's sanctum. There are certainly none which are more consistently disregarded by the majority of living musicians.

But other masters than Mozart have given us other lessons, to which Grillparzer did not pay sufficient heed. The musical cycle through which he lived, from Mozart to Wagner, forms a chain of which he grasped one end only. Beethoven sometimes transcends and escapes our critic. He cannot take him all in, though he praises him in many places both grandly and worthily.

"He was an artist, and who may be set beside him? He swept over the domain of Art, like Behemoth over the primeval seas. From the coo of the dove to the roll of the thunder, from the subtlest combination of the resources of an infallible technique up to that dread point where the artist's training yields to the lawless caprice of natural forces in irrepressible conflict—he has traversed all, he has grasped all. He who comes after him will not pursue the same route; he must strike out another; for the great Precursor stopped where art stops."

And again at the foot of the monument erected to Beethoven in that Heiligenstadt, where he had known him Grillparzer spoke as follows:—

"A man moves with a rapid stride, his shadow ever moving with him. A torrent bars his fiery way. He plunges in, breasts the waves, emerges upon the further shore and resumes his headlong course. He pulls up on the verge of an abyss and gathers himself for a spring. Those who are watching him from afar tremble, but lo! with one bound he has landed safe and sound on the further side of the gulf. What is arduous for others is but play to him. But he has blazed no path by which others may follow him. This man is like Beethoven."

He is not merely like Beethoven, he is Beethoven; and it is with good reason that M. Ehrhard suspects, under the homage thus largely rendered, reserves and insinuations. Grillparzer admires the boldness and the fleetness of the indomitable runner, but the "shadow" terrifies him. The timid poet stops aghast at that "dread point" of which he speaks, he has an agonizing secret fear that Beethoven will go beyond it—secret always, because Grillparzer does not permit himself to utter his doubts and fears aloud. But for his own private behoof he expresses them in certain notes which were jotted down during the year 1843.

"Unfortunate influence of Beethoven upon Art, notwithstanding his great, his inestimable worth.

"1st. The great main conditions which a musician ought always to respect—accuracy and delicacy of ear—suffer from his hazardous combination, as well as from the titanic roarings and howlings which he is too fond of introducing into his compositions.

"2d. By those ultra-lyrical leaps of his the conception of order and unity in a musical work is enlarged to such a point that it is no longer possible to grasp it.

"3d. His frequent infraction of rules tends to produce the impression that rules are not needful, whereas the truth is that they are the proper expression of a free yet sound reason, and as such they are of priceless value.

"4th. He is the prey of a predilection which leads him perpetually to substitute for the mere sense of beauty, a frantic search for something poignant, violent, shocking and overpowering—a sort of thing which is more fatal in music than in any other art whatsoever."

But if Beethoven's music leaves Grillparzer a little dubious, that of Weber is not merely an offence, but an unmitigated scandal in his eyes. The author of "*Der Freischütz*" and "*Euryanthe*" appeared to him the most German of North-Germans and the most pernicious one of those who absolutely misconceive the distinction between poetry and music, words and sounds. "You're a devil of a fellow!" said Beethoven to Weber, embracing him as he spoke. But Grillparzer qualified him as a devil and worse, in a deplorable parody of the "*Freischütz*," and an equally unfortunate article on "*Euryanthe*," for which he was responsible.

"Yesterday," he says, "I heard '*Euryanthe*' again. The music is abominable. Such defiance of harmony, such an outrage on the beautiful, would have been punished by the authorities in the best days of Greece. It is actionable, and would tend to the production of monsters, if it were allowed free course. The first time I heard the opera, I had certain distractions, which helped me to endure the most distressing passages; but yesterday my wish to be entirely just to the composer made me listen with the strictest attention. At first it did not go so badly; either because the music itself is not quite utter trash, or because my powers of endurance were still fresh. But as the thing went on, my horror increased until it became positive physical pain. If I had not left the theatre at the end of the second act, I

should have had to be carried out during the third. It is an opera designed to give pleasure to the mad, the imbecile and the learned alone—possibly also to highwaymen and assassins."

Thirty years later Wagner threw Grillparzer into similar transports of rage; and there exists, as pendant to the parody of "Der Freischütz," an extraordinary letter—less ironical, however, than he imagined it to be—written in 1854, after he had heard the overture to "Tannhäuser."

And yet these two spirits, Grillparzer and Wagner, met at certain points—if only as extremes meet—they seem sometimes to have had almost the same conception of music, and give definitions which are curiously alike.

Grillparzer was the first clearly to perceive that the "true end of music is to express the most general emotions of the soul," or, as Wagner said afterward, "the purely human." And another Wagnerian, and yet pre-Wagnerian, idea of his was that music should be careless of detail, while expressing, in some sort, "the sum of the universe."

The librettist of the "Melusina" even suggested to Beethoven the notion of the "leit-motif." "I have wondered," he says, "whether it might not be well to mark every act and appearance of Melusina by a simple and easily remembered melody, recurring again and again. Why might not the overture begin with this air and then, after the tumultuous *allegro*, it might come in again, as a sort of introduction. I would use, for the purpose, the air of Melusina's first song."

Especially as regards the relations of poetry to music and the distinction between the intellectual sense of language and the emotional value of sound, Grillparzer and Wagner held, for one moment, almost identical views. But they met only to part; or rather to turn their backs on one another. While

Wagner becomes more and more impressed by the mutual affinities of music and poetry, Grillparzer is increasingly convinced of their incompatibility. The one strove ever to unite the two arts; the other to divide them.

## V.

It must be acknowledged that Grillparzer was often wrong. He was unjust to certain musicians and certain of the greatest. But because he loved so much one of the greatest of all, and also music in itself, much will be forgiven him. Moreover, the narrowest and harshest of his judgments may be explained, if not excused, by the blind intensity of that love, and by his intolerance of a doctrine—a religion, if you will—which we have attempted to define and which is admirably summed up in that private note already quoted where Grillparzer has recorded his own vain apprehensions of the dangers which Beethoven might be bringing upon music. Time has belied these gloomy auguries. From Beethoven to Wagner the evolution of music has gone on to completion in a sense exactly opposed to that of the poet musician. He saw what he called "delicacy and precision of ear," sacrificed more and more ruthlessly to what he also called "hazardous combinations" and "titanic roarings and howlings." He saw the notion of order and unity in a musical composition, indefinitely enlarged, far beyond the too strait limits which he was inclined to assign. He lived to see many a rule broken or suspended, and what he regarded as maniacal disorder admired as the expression of a sound and untrammelled reason. Finally the search for the "poignant, the violent, the shocking and the overpowering" has more and more taken the place of the "feeling for beauty." The celestial music of Mozart has been brought down to

earth, and the free play of it has yielded to the fashion for pathetic expression.

And yet, in the change which Grillparzer thought so disastrous, music has found her account. It is one which Grillparzer did not foresee and which he would never have ratified. Miserable critics are we all—miserable musical critics especially! One of the

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foremost men of the century which has just closed misunderstood that century almost entirely! There were sublime developments of art in the last age which wholly escaped a genuine artist, and it is a lesson in humility. But there were other sublime developments which he comprehended and loved, and may well teach us to do the same.

*Camille Bellaigue.*

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## THE CAPTURE OF HASSEIN.

(Some Notes of a Cruise in Eastern Waters.)

Athwart the course of the Outward Bound in the dim and distant East stands an outpost of the British Empire. Strong with the strength of a natural position, it has been made yet stronger by the hand of man, who has called in all that modern science can achieve to make it an impregnable barrier to the foe. Here, as in the Island Valley of Avillon,

There falls not rain nor hail nor any  
snow,  
Nor ever wind blows loudly.

But here resemblance ceases, for the demon of heat has chosen this great fortress as his own especial domain. Sometimes in London we seem to think that we know what heat is when the thermometer turns into the eighties, and street and square, mansion and office, park and garden, aye, even the river itself, seem to melt with fervid heat. And at these times it undoubtedly is hot, and one cannot wonder if the world grumbles. But it is a phase, it passes; there comes a thunderstorm and heavy rain, and we are all out and about congratulating one another on the freshness of the atmosphere after the great oppression.

But what of the place of which I speak? Let us call it Paradise, as one name will do as well as another. Here heat is normal, and coolness never. It is true that winter is not so hot as summer, but it is a deal hotter than one could wish for, and the mischief is that you know it is certain to be hotter, and you feel at the same time a maddened impatience with the knowledge. Out of the smooth oily sea Paradise flings its giant bulk a sheer three thousand feet towards the burning sky. No tender green veils its rugged slopes; no snowy cap delights the eye with a suggestion of coolness. Stark and bare the black volcanic mass receives the heat of the tropic sun all day, and all night it gives forth what it has absorbed. On one side is a bay, on the other the open sea, and on a third burning desert-sand—everywhere sand and black jagged volcanic rock, an aching, glaring desolation. Such is Paradise.

And of the inhabitants thereof? An outpost really of the Indian Empire, it is governed from India. There is a Governor, there are the political or Civil Service men, the Army, the Navy and the natives. Let us take them in

rotation. The Governor comes first, an Indian Brigadier, upright, slightly grizzled, with the hair a little worn at the temples from much use of the solar topee; courteous, debonair, a perfect host, a type of how India turns out a soldier and an English gentleman. Then comes the Civilian, silent, strenuous, self-denying. These men know responsibility, of which they have much, power, of which they have little, and work, of which they have a superabundance. Also, they know fever occasionally and prickly heat always, and maddening, torturing boils, the outcome of the climate. I, who write, have known all these three and it has not diminished my admiration of the Civilian and the way he works through them all. Enter his office; it is ten in the morning; outside the rocks quiver and glow in the shadeless glare and the sand burns one's white shoes. There, in what shade they can get, proof against sun and heat, loll native orderlies and messengers, barefooted and in quaint uniforms. Inside the darkened room the thermometer marks 98°, and the heavy leathern punkah paddles the lifeless air. At his desk sits the Civilian and on his left stands the Babu or Parsee clerk with papers, and papers, and evermore papers. The Civilian's hair is turning gray, but more from toil than age. All day this cog in the great wheel of administration is grinding the mill of government, and when, tired-eyed and sweating, he enters the club at six in the evening he counts himself a fortunate man if he is not going to be at his desk again after dinner until midnight.

Then the Soldier; infantry, British or Native, gunner, sapper, departmental man, all have their work to do, and do it. Undeclared as ever, the officers play polo on most indifferent ponies, rackets in a court which is more like the hottest room of a Turkish bath than anything else, and shoot clay pigeons

on the beach. Sometimes they go on leave to the mainland and shoot many lions. I know one subaltern who shot eighteen in a fortnight—but that was a record. I also know one into whose tent at night came a wandering lion. The beast made a grab in the dark, grabbed the pillow from under the young man's head and then retired to eat it. The subaltern did not grudge his pillow; he said that it must have been such a jolly sell for the lion! Also I know a colonel—only the lion caught him and bit him through the middle of his right hand—that was all. Old shikarries at Paradise laughed grimly and told him that it was damned lucky that it wasn't a Bengal tiger, as he would not have been content with a hand only. These may sound like travellers' tales, but I can only say that they are all literally true. Somehow, one never meets the fashionable regiments at Paradise; his Majesty's Guards do not affect it, nor do any of those others which we could all name, as we had a mind to. But Infantry of the Line, Gunners and Sappers have to put in a spell there, and so to those whose friends are not in high places falls the lot of guarding this priceless possession. The life of the British private cannot be of much value to its owner at Paradise. Parades and bathing, a certain amount of languid cricket, and as much cool drink as his limited resources admit of, must make up the sum total, varied by those periodical visits to hospitals in which all the inhabitants share.

The natives who all appear so much alike to the eye of the casual steamship passenger are in reality of many and varied races—Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, from all the knowable and unknowable parts of the adjacent continent they come, a strange, many-colored crowd exhibiting an extraordinary diversity of savage and semi-civilized life. But the native



proper of Paradise is a fine fellow, copper-colored, erect and muscular, he has the swing of the free man in his gait, the look of the free man in his eye. Many Eastern native races take a beating from a white man as a matter of course; but the white man who raises a hand against a native of Paradise does so at the risk of a broken head.

Of the ladies who have been condemned by Fate and their husbands' fortunes to live at Paradise it is difficult to speak without a lump in one's throat. That men of our race should endure such things is inevitable; but to see delicately nurtured women suffer that awful climate is a thing to weep over. Brave, steadfast and uncomplaining, they face it and, uncheered by the presence of their children, they live from day to day an example of the heroism which suffers and endures.

I have left the Navy until the last as, although it forms an integral portion of the life at Paradise, still the units which compose it are only visitants to her shores. A stay of some months and then a joyful farewell and the ship is off to new scenes and better climates. Some years ago a great European Republic entered into war with an Eastern Potentate, and this war necessitated the readjustment of the hairspring balance of Naval Power. In the course of this readjustment the ship which I then commanded was ordered from a more desirable—a very much more desirable—station to Paradise.

Long and loud were the repinings in the officers' mess, and lurid were the adjectives on the lower deck. However, in the Navy, "we growls and goes" as Jack says, and one fine morning, about two hours after sunrise, we found ourselves steaming into the bay at Paradise. The signalman, who has had his glass glued to his eye for the

last ten minutes, skips up the bridge-ladder and salutes the First Lieutenant.

"*Sea Serpent* at anchor, sir, flying 'the demand.'"

"Hoist our number," says that officer, and three round balls wriggle quickly up to the mainmast head; arriving there they break and three flags, announcing our name to our senior officer, flutter out on the light breeze.

"Signal to anchor as convenient, sir," reports the signalman, and shortly after the best bower takes the water with a mighty splash. The Captain's galley comes alongside and a few minutes after I am shaking hands with my brother Captain of the *Sea Serpent* on his quarter-deck.

"Well, thank God you've come, and I'll be out of this the first thing tomorrow morning," says that worthy. "But come down below and I'll tell you all that you're likely to have to do here."

A steward appears with a tray. "Say when—got enough ice? Now sit down in that long chair and light a cigar, and I'll tell you all about it. Ever heard of Oolad Boaziz?"

"No," said I; "is it a new American drink?"

My host grinned. "It's something a dashed sight hotter than that; it's a coast tribe in these parts who don't seem to appreciate the blessings of diplomatic intercourse with the British Raj."

"What have they been up to?" I interjected.

"Well, you see it's like this; they are the proud possessors of a chieftain called Hassein, and I must say that for a native of the boundless and burning desert, who never wore a pair of trousers in his life or slept under a roof, he displays an abnormal and very creditable amount of cunning. The Oolad Boaziz live along the coast here about a hundred and fifty miles to the east-

ward—you know how straight the coast runs hereabouts?"

I signified assent.

"Well," he continued, "just where these gentry have their headquarters a bluff of sand runs out at right angles to the coast and juts into the sea, and at the base of this bluff stands a fort that is owned by Hassein, the chief of the tribe. What the fort is composed of I don't know, but from Hassein's swagger, which I am just going to tell you about, we think that he has at all events good rifles and could stand a long time against infantry. You know that on the mainland the Great Republic has acquired several posts on the littoral and hold as much of the *hinterland* as the native nigger will let them; and you are also aware of the inconvenient manner in which they straggle about hoisting their flag in all sorts of inconvenient places. It occurred to the Powers that Mr. Hassein's fort might prove a very convenient place for one of these hoistings; accordingly we entered into a convention with Hassein to the effect that we would pay him thirty rupees a month and that in return he should on the approach of any vessel near his fort hoist a Union Jack with which he was provided for the purpose. A rumor somehow had got about that Hassein had gone over to the mainland, and was intriguing with the agents of the Great Republic. Accordingly a ship was sent to the fort to find out if Hassein was there, and if there, what he was doing. It appears that it was right enough about Hassein's intriguing with the foreigners, but the agents of the Great Republic are a bit more wide awake than Mr. Hassein had bargained for, for they knew all about his convention with us, and kicked him out contemptuously. Accordingly Hassein returned home in a very evil frame of mind. You see he thought that if one party

was fool enough to give him thirty rupees a month to hoist a flag, perhaps he might find the other party equally idiotic, and naturally he had a complete disregard for the color of the flag he hoisted. So when the vessel arrived at the fort to make investigations, not only did Hassein refuse to hoist the flag, but he roundly declared that, if they did not clear out he would fire upon them. The ship, not being a man-of-war, naturally retired discomfited, and now the Governor has decided to bring Hassein to his senses, and has asked for the co-operation of the Navy for that purpose. There, that's the whole yarn and a precious long one it is, but I could not pitch it any shorter."

Very early next morning the *Sea Serpent* departed, and we were left the only representative of the Navy at Paradise. Then ensued councils of war as to how to catch the wily Hassein, the great thing being not to scare the bird beforehand, as if he made tracks for the interior we should never see him again. Accordingly we arranged that a party of soldiers should be embarked and, steaming along the coast in the dark, should effect a landing on the Peninsula and surround the fort before daybreak. Our part was to arrive off the fort at early dawn, and hold ourselves ready for contingencies. With us came the Political Officer who was, of course, really in charge of the whole expedition. So arranged, so done—and when we arrived we found a close cordon of Native Infantry soldiers squatting round on the sand encircling the fort, and a group of bewildered Oolad Boazlz chattering in their midst. Having anchored as near to the shore as the water permitted, which was quite close in, the Navigating Lieutenant and I, who had been up all night, dropped down the bridge-ladder in search of baths and breakfast. These important matters

disposed of, I was requested by the Political Officer to accompany him on shore.

"What do you want me for?" I said. "It's your show now, and I'm only here to knock the fort down in case you consider it necessary."

However, seeing that he was bent upon my coming, I gave in and having manned and armed a cutter, we pulled to the shore.

"I see that the durbar has begun," said the Political.

"The *what*?" said I.

"The durbar," he replied.

Oh, for one more shattered illusion! I had always pictured a durbar as something connected with palm trees, elephants, golden howdahs, gorgeous turbans, the light of the harem, etc. The reality now in view, consisted of a Captain of Native Infantry, an interpreter and a sub-chief of the Oolad Boaziz sitting on biscuit-boxes on the verge of a howling desert and surrounded by naked savages. The Political and I landed and joined the durbar, but before assuming my seat on my allotted biscuit-box, I called the crew out of the boat and told the coxswain to station his men all round me and the other officers. I had known a brother officer stabbed to death in the back by savages on the coast of Madagascar some years before, and thought it well to take precautions, especially in view of our mission. And so began the durbar. The sub-chief Mahomed, a rather handsome, middle-aged man and looking much less of a savage than the rest of his tribe, began the proceedings with the rather superfluous observation that it was a fine day. As the thermometer would probably have burst like a shell had it been exposed to the sun that we were sitting in, no one gainsaid the proposition. He next observed that he was glad to see us and expended a good deal of Eastern hyperbole in statements which

were so obviously untrue as to need no comment. The Political cleared his throat and twisted his moustache.

"Interpreter."

"Sahib?"

"Tell that man that we have come here to find Hassein."

"Yes, Sahib."

Here ensued a prolonged colloquy between the chief and the interpreter.

"Well," said the Political impatiently, "what does he say?"

"He say," slowly repeated the interpreter in an exasperating drawl, "he say his name Mahomed and he uncle to Hassein."

To the unprejudiced listener Mahomed seemed to have taken a considerable time to make this simple statement.

"You tell him," roared the now justly incensed Political, "that I don't want to know anything about Hassein's relations. I want to know where he is."

Once more the interpreter returned to the charge, and much conversation ensued.

"Well, what does he say now?"

"He say," replied the interpreter in his maddening drawl, "that one time ship come here, belong to Great Republic. Captain he come on shore, give him one big bag of dollars and gold ring, and he say that Great Republic Captain he very like the Captain Sahib over there," pointing to me.

To detail the futilities that ensued would be to weary the reader to no purpose. To all questions as to Hassein's whereabouts Mahomed replied that Hassein was a brave man, that he loved the English very much, that he had gone on a journey, that he had enjoyed his dinner, that he slept sometimes in the heat of the day, etc., etc., all this filtering slowly through the interpreter. The sand danced and quivered in the awful heat, the glare from the sea was as blue fire, and I noticed the brown hands of my armed boat's

crew slipping up and down their rifle-bands as the metal became too hot to handle. But I now became aware that heat and exasperation were putting a keener edge on the Political's temper: with studied slowness he said to the interpreter: "Tell that doubly distilled monkey-faced abomination that if I don't know at once where Hassein is there will be trouble."

Whether friend Mahomed thought that the game was up at last, I do not know, but the answer came crisp and short. "He say Hassein in the fort."

"Then send a man at once and tell him to come here."

Then there was more talk, the purport of which appeared to be that Hassein was a reckless daredevil, that he had twenty armed men with rifles with him in the fort all sworn to do or die, and so brave and so determined was he that none of the Oolad Boaziz dared to approach and order him to come out. We seemed to be at an *impasse*, but at last one man detached himself from his fellows and spoke. He explained that Hassein was terrible in his wrath, so terrible that he, the speaker, felt his heart fluttering like a little bird; this he illustrated in pantomime, but that he, he also was a brave man, and besides he was a man of intelligence and he knew that what the Captain Sahib said must be obeyed; consequently he would take upon himself the desperate venture of summoning Hassein to surrender.

In the light of subsequent events, what followed might be classed as comedy of a very high order. Advancing gingerly over the sand until he had detached himself some twenty yards from the waiting group our heart-fluttering friend stopped. Then he looked round with high resolve and daring purpose in his steadfast eye. A sort of sigh went up from the Oolad Boaziz as of admiration for the temer-

ity of their countryman. The messenger surveyed us long and gravely, then turning once more in the direction of the fort he advanced a few paces, took a deep breath and then leaning on his long Arab gun he called, "Hassein, a-a-a-h, a-a-h Hassein," with a dying cadence on the last syllable. Twice the cry palpitated through the scorching atmosphere and the silence. No sound came from the fort and in the tense, burning hush that followed the call the imagination pictured Hassein and the dauntless twenty lying finger on trigger, well-concealed and determined to die at their posts. The interpreter stirred uneasily and muttered "Hassein, he very brave and terrible." Once again pealed out "Hassein a-a-a-h, a-a-a-h Hassein," and in the silence that ensued you could have heard a pin drop.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said my coxswain, "but one of the men says that he seen an old chap with a white beard looking out of one of them there loopholes in the fort."

"Then I'm afraid the old gentleman is in for an uncomfortable time presently," I answered.

"Would you allow me to storm the fort, sir?" said the Captain of Native Infantry turning to the Political, his eyes dancing at the prospect.

"Excuse me," I said, "but if they have got twenty riflemen in that fort, you'd lose half your men before you got them out, and one common shell from the ship will settle their hash for good and all."

"The boat's crew, sir," said my paymaster, who had come ashore to see the fun, "say that if you'll let them do it, they'll put down their rifles and pull Hassein out with their hands."

"Tell the boat's crew to shut their silly mouths and when I want advice from them I'll ask for it," I answered. "I think," I went on to the Political, "that, if you will allow me, I will now

take a hand in the game; we can't sit on the beach all day, and if Hassein won't come out he must be made to. Interpreter," I said, with just that ring of the quarter-deck in my voice that causes the disciplined man to skip, "tell Mahomed that I go back now to my ship; when I get there I hoist a red flag at the main, and ten minutes after that, if Hassein and his following are not out of the fort, may the Lord have mercy on them, for I won't. Explain carefully that I shall fire at the fort and in a very few moments there won't be one stone left upon another. I have spoken. Boat's crew, in your boat. Will you kindly clear all these people out of danger of an exploding shell?" I asked the Infantry Captain.

A few minutes later I stepped on the quarter-deck. "Sound general quarters and pass up filled common shell and percussion fuses," was the order I gave to the First Lieutenant. I just caught the look of beatitude in the Gunner's eye as he dived to his magazines at the sound of the bugle. But it was written that no desperate action was to be fought with Hassein. Ere the last note of the bugle had died away a signal came from the shore, "We have got the man."

"Very remarkable," I muttered, as stepping once more into my boat I was pulled ashore to the scene of the durbar.

"Where the devil was the fellow?" I asked the Political.

The latter who possessed a sense of humor was shaking with laughter. "You see that tent," he answered, pointing to a miserable erection where a few goat-skins were stretched upon some sticks.

"Yes," said I.

"Well, Hassein was in there all the time we have been sitting and blethering here on the beach."

The humor of the situation now

struck me. The tent, if such you can call it, was within five yards of where we had been sitting, and in it had been crouching all the time, the brave, the sanguinary, the implacable Hassein! Long and loud was the laughter at the conclusion of our desperate enterprise, and our hilarity was not diminished when, on exploring the fort "the old chap with the long beard" who had been spotted by the lynx-eyed Blue-jacket, turned out to be a venerable billy-goat, who was the sole occupant of that majestic structure. Hassein, a miserable, under-sized little wretch of eighteen years of age was marched on board the steamer a prisoner; the troops re-embarked and the expedition was over. The Political wiped his eyes.

"I've seen many a fine bit of acting both on and off the stage, old chap," said he, "but for the gifts of imagination and realistic insight I never saw the equal of Mahomed; and as for our heart-fluttering friend, there's not a comedy actor in London fit to black his shoes, if he had any."

Six weeks' imprisonment in a stone block-house at Paradise nearly made an end of Hassein; after which a paternal government administered a lecture on the folly of intrigue, a lesson on the colors of national flags, and a warning that he wouldn't be let off quite so easily next time. Hassein departed to rule once more over the country of the Oolad Boaziz and to meditate upon the incomprehensible behavior of European Governments. And the Expedition (with a large E) came back to Paradise and the Governor asked us to dinner and laughed till he cried. The club chaffed us unmercifully, and I wrote an official despatch, and such is the injustice of man I was not promoted on the spot. But on board-ship we had one consolation. In that climate no fog comes rolling up out of the deep to turn your polished steel and brass



and copper all the colors of the rainbow. No rain mars the artistic effort of the Blue-jackets' paint-brush, and so at the end of a few days and a little hard work, we were able to look at our ship with a certain amount of satisfaction. In the Navy come first discipline, then smartness, and then the beauty and cleanliness of the ship; and where discipline is strung exactly at the right pitch, where smartness in every drill and exercise is a rushing,

tearing, bewildering wonder to the uninitiated, *there* you will find the most loving care expended on every detail which will add to the appearance of the vessel. And so when the First Lieutenant modestly says, "I think you'll find her all right next time you go round, sir," you, knowing your man and knowing your crew, know also that you will see the most perfect thing in an imperfect world—a well-ordered British man-of-war.

Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE EMPRESS FREDERICK IN YOUTH.

### A RECOLLECTION.

The day I first set eyes on the Princess Royal was late in December, 1857. It was after tea in a small boudoir at Windsor Castle. The Princess was standing between the Queen and the Prince Consort, and as I advanced to kiss her hand I felt the flower-like touch of her fresh face on my cheek and saw her bright eyes smile into mine.

Though barely out of the schoolroom myself, the Princess appeared to me extraordinarily young. All the childish roundness still clung to her and made her look shorter than she really was. She was dressed in a fashion long disused on the Continent, in a plum-colored silk dress fastened at the back. Her hair was drawn off her forehead. Her eyes were what struck me most; the iris was green, like the sea on a sunny day, and the white had a peculiar shimmer which gave them the fascination that, together with a smile showing her small and beautiful teeth, bewitched those who approached her. The nose was unusually small and turned up slightly, and the complexion

was decidedly ruddy, perhaps too much so for one so young, but it gave the idea of perfect health and strength. The fault of the face lay in the squareness of the lower features, and there was even then a look of determination about the chin; but the very gentle and almost timid manner prevented one realizing this at first. The voice was very delightful, never going up to high tones, but lending a peculiar charm to the slightly foreign accent with which the Princess spoke both English and German.

Though all who knew the Princess at that epoch recognized the promise of some of the great and remarkable qualities which went to form the character of the Empress Frederick, nobody could foresee the circumstances and tragic events which shaped them in a peculiar mould. During those last weeks before her marriage the Princess appeared to cling with passion to all her family, especially to her father, whom she worshipped and admired with all her soul. She was highly cultured, and she felt she owed this to his

incessant care of her. He, on his part, was proud of this lavishly endowed child and always said that it was of her and Don Pedro of Portugal, his cousin, that he had the highest expectations and felt himself best understood. Don Pedro died in the flower of his youth, and the Prince scarcely lived to see the development of his beloved daughter.

The Princess had a great feeling for fun and innocent humor, and was full of stories about her brothers and sisters. She adored the baby Princess Beatrice, who was only a few months old, and when fondling her the motherly instinct came out strongly. She was in fits of laughter about Prince Affy, who, having discovered that one of the gentlemen of the Court wore false calves, planted pins with flags into his silk stockings, and also much amused at Prince Leopold, who, aged four, always picked out the prettiest ladies and insisted upon helping them to do their hair.

It was not entirely a spirit of contradiction which, later on, made her deprecate her German surroundings, for even before she left England I never saw anybody so entirely attached to her home and her belongings and consciously appreciating them, a thing very rare in one so young. From the moment, however, that Prince Frederick William arrived a few days before the marriage, his presence seemed to fill the whole picture out for her.

Anybody who ever approached Prince Frederick William knows how great his kindness, charm and geniality were; but he was undeveloped for his age, and, though ten years older than the Princess, it was easy to see who would take the lead. Her surroundings had been large, splendid and liberal, whilst he had been brought up in a narrow, old-fashioned and reactionary way, which had kept him back and subdued

him. Nobody was more aware of this than himself or spoke more openly about it with his friends. The Princess, often from no particular reason, took violent fancies to people. She used at first to think them quite perfect and then came the bitter disillusion. She also took first-sight dislikes to persons, based often only on a trick of manner, or an idle word dropped about them in her presence, and thus she often lost useful friends and supporters. She was no judge of character, and never became one, because her own point of view was the only one she could see. This is a frequent defect in strong characters endowed with much initiative.

When I first knew the Princess Royal it was the Empress Eugénie who filled her young mind with admiration. She was never tired of extolling her grace and her beauty. She still treasured a piece of tulle torn off the Empress's dress at some ball in Paris when she accompanied the Queen there in 1854, and spoke of her in raptures. When she worked herself up to these enthusiasms, or, as the French would call it, *engouements*, she praised the fancy of the moment so excessively that it was difficult to agree entirely with her, thus often raising opposition and even contradiction, which, however, only fanned her enthusiasm to a brighter flame. She was in the habit of praising places and countries in the same exaggerated way, and her constant admiring references to England and everything English was what hurt the susceptibility of the Prussians and made them turn against her.

I am, however, bound to say that, referring to the letters I wrote to my family at that time (they were not Prussians, but living at Berlin), I gather that there was a party with whom the marriage was very unpopular long before the Princess arrived there, and the centre of discontent was

the Court of the King. Frederick William the Fourth was a witty and amiable man, but at the time we are speaking of already very ill and suffering from softening of the brain, from which he died three years later. The Queen, a severely good woman, was exceedingly stiff and strait-laced, and had always been a devoted partisan of Russia, and in consequence she abhorred everything English, for the Crimean war was still fresh in all people's memories. I express in those letters (which were those of a child, and therefore speak the truth) my astonishment at all the unkind reports I had heard at Berlin, and I insist constantly on the indescribable charm of the Princess, the great dignity of the Queen, and the good looks of the Prince of Wales, all so contrary to the impression which had been given me beforehand.

The homeward journey of Prince and Princess Frederick William after their marriage was a series of triumphs, and the bright but icily cold January day on which they made their State entry into Berlin in a gilt coach with the windows let down, so that the people might see them better, witnessed a reception of unequalled enthusiasm in the annals of Prussia. When, after several freezing hours the Royal pair arrived at the Old Schloss, where all the princes and princesses of the House of Hohenzollern and many other Royal and illustrious guests were assembled to receive them, the Queen Elisabeth, as she somewhat frigidly embraced her new niece, remarked: "Are you not frozen to death?" upon which the Princess promptly responded, "Yes, I am; I have only one warm place and that is my heart!"

All during the festivities which followed the Princess won hearts by the thousand. She was always at her best when amused and excited; her

shyness then had not time to show itself, and she was far more at her ease and spoke better when making that trying Continental institution, a *cercle*, during those first months of her married life than she ever did afterwards, brilliant though she always was in intimate conversation, especially when she was alone with a person she liked.

The old King and his Queen lived at Charlottenburg and never appeared in public, a small circle of select friends only being invited in the evening. The Prince of Prussia, who, soon after the Princess Royal's marriage, became Regent, and was later on the beloved and revered "Kaiser Wilhelm," was not in those days popular with the masses. He had taken part with England and France against Russia in the Crimean war, and so did his wife, an intellectual and highly cultivated woman, who, however, amongst the Prussians proper had another title to unpopularity, which was her leaning to Roman Catholicism.

It was not to be wondered at therefore, that all the affection of the people and the sympathies of at least all the young and brilliant section of society should go out to that young Court, presided over by a Prince whose kind nature and noble aspirations were known to all who came near him and by a Princess of seventeen, whose cleverness and charm enslaved even those who had been most opposed to what was termed "the English marriage."

There can be no doubt that the Princess from the first compared life at Berlin disadvantageously with her English homes, but at that time certainly without any bitterness. To the Prince, who adored her, England also seemed perfection, so there was no warning note sounded in that direction, and I, who had been brought up by English nurses and governesses, with English ideas and English prejudices, thought

her quite in the right, and only wondered when some of those surrounding her took umbrage at what appeared to me to be only natural.

Nor do I think that many knew the difficulties and discomforts that the young Princess had to encounter. The first year of her married life was passed at the picturesque but highly inconvenient Old Schloss. She had a vast but gloomy apartment, where the windows rattled and the chimneys smoked. Of the heating of the huge stone staircases and passages there was no trace, and everything that had to do with hygiene was sadly neglected. The Princess, who was practical by nature and well up in all new inventions, and by temperament a Liberal and Progressive, was at first astonished and then shocked at the elementary installation. She took the greatest trouble and interest in arranging the Palace which was to be her abiding home with every English comfort and improvement. But even in that Palace she had not quite a free hand, for it had been that of King Frederick William the Third, the Prince's grandfather, who had died in it, and his room had by his pious sons been preserved in exactly the same state as it was on the day of his death. This room was situated between the Princess's boudoir and library, and every time she went to her bed or dressing-room she was obliged to pass through it. The Princess was not superstitious, but the associations of the room, with its sparse and Spartan furniture, and the icy cold which always pervaded it, were enough to shake older nerves than hers. But there was more.

The door between the boudoir and the "death-room," as it was always called, would sometimes open by itself. The first time it happened was on a winter's evening shortly before the present Emperor was born, and the Princess had only been a few weeks in the Palace. She was sitting on a light

blue damask sofa next to the door but with her back to it, and I was sitting opposite her reading out aloud, close under the lamp, when, raising my eyes, I saw the door, which was a single one, and covered, like the walls, with blue silk, open noiselessly, and, as if pushed by an invisible hand, swing back gently on its hinges until it reached the wall. I was very much afraid of apparitions in those days, and I stopped reading and stared spellbound. The Princess cried, "What do you see?" I said, "Nothing, Ma'am," and got up to close the door, but it will be conceded that it was very creepy and not agreeable for a young married woman in a delicate state of health to have so depressing a neighborhood. The cause of the door opening in that way was discovered later to be quite natural; it was not set quite straight on its hinges and the wall of the room extended as an arch over the street, so that the reverberation of any heavy wagon passing under it shook the door-posts and made the lock give way and the door swing back.

The first summer the Princess passed in her new country, the Royal couple resided at Babelsberg, a modern Gothic creation, with nothing to recommend it but a rather pretty situation on the river Havel. It was there the Prince Consort visited his beloved daughter in the month of May, 1858, for the first time after her marriage. He was just recovering from a sharp attack of typhoid fever which left him weak and aged, and the Princess's happiness at having her adored father under her own roof-tree was much tempered by her anxiety about his health.

It was at Babelsberg also that the Queen later on in the summer paid a visit of a fortnight. There was only just room for the Royalties in the Castle, and all the Court removed to the Palace at Potsdam, at about half an hour's distance, with the exception of

the Queen's lady-in-waiting and myself, who lived in a cottage about ten minutes' walk from the Castle. The cottage was such that I was in the habit of sleeping during the frequent thunderstorms of a German summer with my umbrella open and fastened to the head of my bed.

The next summer the splendid and roomy *Neue Palais* was, at the Princess's request, put at her disposal, and she made it in the course of years an abode as comfortable as it was beautiful.

There is no doubt that the very liberal tendencies the Princess had imbibed in England appeared utterly subversive to many of the reactionary Prussians of that day. Such men as Disraeli and Lord Salisbury were still in the dim future, and all her sympathies were with Lord Palmerston and his Ministry, especially such men as Lords Clarendon and Granville, who both came to pay her a visit at Babelsberg. There was nobody who showed more than the Princess, by the play of her mobile features and the vivacity or restraint of her gestures, whether she liked the person she was speaking to or not, and at that period the very approach of a Tory or a reactionary seemed to freeze her up.

The thing that often struck me about her was the tragic note in her thoughts, so little in harmony with the rest of her personality. It was curious in one so young and apparently so happy, and it seemed to spring from a want of confidence in the future and a passionate clinging to the present, if it was what pleased her. Later on it was the same with her children; she desired with unutterable longing to keep them always in babyhood. She loved them as long as they were quite small with a violence as if she feared they would be taken from her. I was too young to make inductions in those days, but I always felt that the fear of the fu-

ture, which so often seemed to loom over her, had something to do with her dislike to abstract thought and any spiritual problem. Everything seemed to approach her through the senses and not through intuition. She was a clever artist, and drew correctly and with decision, though with more adaptiveness than imagination. The drawing of hers that had most of the latter quality was done when she was fourteen. It represented a young woman bending over a dead soldier on one of the Crimean battlefields; it was a dark picture well composed, with a lurid sky and the tragic element very strong in it. In art she preferred Rubens to any other painter, and everything she admired was always abundant and strong. It was not the fashion of the fifties to admire women of the gigantic latter-day pattern, but she always praised those of ample proportions, even if they were not good-looking.

In science, too, she only believed in the palpable and positive, and she looked upon the beginnings of magnetism and hypnotism, often called spiritualism, at that time as absurd superstition. In medicine, for instance, she only saw salvation in the large doses of the allopath, and laughed at the homœopath as a harmless lunatic.

On the other hand, her grasp of events and facts was astounding in one so young, and only equalled by her capacity for adapting anything she might gather from others to her wants. Her memory was retentive for anything that interested her. She was not a great reader, but liked being read to whilst she drew. She loved music, but was not so good a musician as the Queen. She was never idle and an early riser, but sometimes went to bed almost by daylight. Physically she was indolent in those days, at least for walking, but she could ride for hours in scorching sun or cutting wind with-



out ever feeling tired. She was not indifferent to dress, but could have done herself much more justice had she understood what suited her. She was too often guided by what suited others, or what she thought pretty in a picture, or by sentiment. She was not twenty when I left her, and yet her character then was more formed than that of most women of thirty. I always noticed that men, especially clever men, understood her better than women; and if she had not had a constitutional timidity which made it quite impossible for her to carry things through when she was opposed by a determined will, she would have accomplished a great deal more than she did. She was unable to tell those who surrounded her if anything in their behavior displeased her, but she felt acutely the want of harmony produced by this state of things, and from this arose the many misunderstandings which darkened so much of her life. It was this timidity and want of *élan* which prevented her gaining the influence over the Regent through which she might have fulfilled all her wishes instead of having to resort to the expedient of a "go-between." The Regent, chivalrous, very open to the influence of women, and proud of this young English daughter-in-law, would have been wax in her hands if she could have treated him with affectionate and familiar pleasantries, and behaved like a loving child with a doting father. Instead of this she froze up with him, and especially with his wife, the future Empress Augusta, into a shy reserve which made intimate conversation impossible. Perhaps these two first years were the happiest of her married life. She had not then matured, in fact hardly conceived, the plans which made her later years a life of longing and unfulfilled wishes. She felt her powers seething in her, but she did not consciously adapt them.

She loved the Prince and he looked up to her as the perfection of womanhood. There was one thing alone in which he never gave way to her wishes; he steadfastly refused giving up his solitary evening walk in the streets of Berlin, after the Princess had gone to bed, though she was terrified, and entreated him over and over again to make this sacrifice for her. But those were still days of great security, and Prince Frederick William was beloved by high and low, so he only laughed at these fears.

During these years the Princess was not yet troubled with the thought of inadequate means to carry out her conceptions. It was not unnatural that, having been brought up amongst the riches and luxury of England, she thought herself very poor in her new life, and, like many people who have no clear idea of the value of money, she imagined herself sometimes on the brink of ruin.

At that time she saw none but bright and cheerful faces about her, and she was sure of the devotion of her surroundings; the world lay at her feet—the daughter of a mighty Queen, and the future Queen of a great people. Nobody in those days then thought the day could be far distant on which she would ascend the throne. The first terrible blow was the death of the Prince Consort. I saw her some months later, still utterly crushed and listless; and how many other blows have followed this first one! and what a sad and tragic fate has been that of this remarkable and highly endowed Princess!

But my intimate association with her ended in the third year of her marriage, before the dark shadows of the wings of fate had lowered on her path. She arises in my memory in all her freshness and childlike simplicity, the eldest and most brilliant daughter of proud parents, the loving and admired sister,

the adored girl-wife of a chivalrous husband, the affectionate friend, and the young and happy mother. There seemed to be sunshine everywhere. The future was mercifully hidden from all

eyes, and she alone, though unconsciously, felt the gathering clouds with which an inscrutable Providence darkened the high hopes sprung from so radiant a beginning.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Walburga Paget.

## WORDSWORTH.

Sincerity was at the root of all Wordsworth's merits and defects; it gave him his unapproachable fidelity to nature, and also his intolerable fidelity to his own whims. Like Emerson, whom he so often resembled, he respected all intuitions, but unlike Emerson, did not always distinguish between a whim and an intuition. His life was spent in a continual meditation, and his attitude towards external things was that of a reflective child, continually pondering over the surprise of his first impressions. I once heard Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who had been a friend of Wordsworth for many years, say that the frequent triviality of Wordsworth's reflections was due to the fact that he had begun life without any of the received opinions which save most men from so much of the trouble of thinking; but had found out for himself everything that he came to believe or to be conscious of. Thus, what seems to most men an obvious truism not worth repeating, because they have never consciously thought it, but unconsciously taken it on trust, was to Wordsworth a discovery of his own, which he had had the happiness of taking into his mind as freshly as if he had been the first man and no one had thought about life before; or, as I have said, with the delighted wonder of the child. Realizing early what value there might be to him in so direct an inheritance from nature, from his own mind at its first grapple with na-

ture, he somewhat deliberately shut himself in with himself, rejecting all external criticism; and for this he had to pay the price which we must deduct from his ultimate gains. Wordsworth's power of thought was never on the level of his power of feeling, and he was wise at least in his knowledge of himself, when he said:—

One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can.

He felt instinctively, and his feeling was nature's. But thought, coming to him thus immediately as it did, and representing the thinking part of himself with unparalleled fidelity, spoke out of an intellect by no means so responsive to the finer promptings of that supreme intellectual energy of which we are a part. It is thus often when he is most solemnly satisfied with himself that he is really showing us his weakness most ingenuously; he would listen to no external criticism, and there was no inherent critical faculty to stand at his mind's elbow and remind him when he was prophesying in the divine language and when he was babbling like the village idiot.

Wordsworth desired to lead a continually poetic life, and it seemed to him easy, inevitable, in one whose life was a continual meditation. It seemed to him that, if he wrote down in verse anything which came into his mind,

however trivial, it would become poetry by the mere contact. His titles explain the conviction. Thus the beautiful poem beginning, "It is the first mild day of March," is headed, "To my Sister. Written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little boy." In its bare outline it is really a note written down under the impulse of a particular moment, and it says: "Now that we have finished breakfast, let us go for a walk; put on a walking dress, and do not bring a book; it is a beautiful day and we should enjoy it." Some kindly inspiration helping, the rhymed letter becomes a poem; it is an evocation of spring, an invocation to joy. Later on in the day Wordsworth will fancy that something else in his mind calls for expression, and he will sit down and write it in verse. There it will be; like the other, it will say exactly what he wanted to say, and he will put it in its place among his poems with the same confidence. But this time no kindly inspiration will have come to his aid; and the thing will have nothing of poetry but the rhymes.

What Wordsworth's poetic life lacked was energy, and he refused to recognize that no amount of energy will suffice for a continual production. The mind of Coleridge worked with extraordinary energy, seemed to be always at high thinking power, but Coleridge has left us less finished work than almost any great writer, so rare was it with him to be able faultlessly to unite, in his own words, "a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order." Wordsworth was unconscious even of the necessity, or at least of the part played by skill and patience in waiting on opportunity as it comes, and seizing it as it goes. When one has said that he wrote instinctively, without which there could be no poetry, one must add that he wrote mechanically, and that he wrote always. Con-

tinual writing is really a bad form of dissipation; it drains away the very marrow of the brain. Nature is not to be treated as a handmaid of all work, and requires some coaxing before she will become one's mistress. There is a kind of unconscious personal vanity in the assumption that whatever interests or concerns me, however slightly, must be of interest to all the world. Only what is of intense interest to me, or concerns me vitally, will be of interest to all the world; and Wordsworth often wrote about matters which had not had time to sink into him, or the likelihood of taking root in any but the upper surface of his mind.

But there was another kind of forgetfulness which has had almost the most fatal consequences of any. Wordsworth never rightly apprehended what is essential in the difference between prose and poetry. Holding rightly that poetry can be a kind of religion, he admitted what Gautier has called "the heresy of instruction." He forgot that religion has its sacred ritual, in which no gesture is insignificant, and in which what is preached from the pulpit is by no means of higher importance than what is sung or prayed before the altar. He labored to make his verse worthy, but he was not always conscious that a noble intention does not of itself make great art. In "The Prelude" he tells the story of his own mind, of his growth, not so much as a man, but as a poet; and he has left us a document of value together with incidental fragments of fine poetry. But it is not a poem, because what Wordsworth tried to do was a thing which should have been done in prose. It is a talking about life, not a creation of life; it is a criticism of the imagination, not imagination at work on its own indefinable ends.

And yet just here, out of this unconsciousness which leaves him so often

at the mercy of all intrusions, clogged by fact, tied to scruple, a child in the mischief-working hands of his own childishness, we come upon precisely the quality which gives him his least questionable greatness. To Wordsworth nothing is what we call "poetry," that is, a fanciful thing, apart from reality; he is not sure whether even the imagination is so much as a transfiguring, or only an unveiling, of natural things. Often he gives you the thing and his impressions of the thing, and then, with a childlike persistence of sincerity, his own doubt as to the precise truth of the thing. Whether I am right or wrong, he says to us gravely, I indeed scarcely know; but certainly I saw or heard this, or fancied that I saw or heard it; thus what I am telling you is, to me at least, a reality. It is thus, that as Matthew Arnold has said finely, "it might seem that nature not only gave him the matter for his poem, but wrote his poem for him." He has none of the poet's pride in his own invention, only a confidence in the voices that he has heard speaking when others were aware of nothing but silence. Thus it is that in the interpretation of natural things he can be absolutely pellucid, like pure light, which renders to us every object in its own colors. He does not "make poetry" out of these things; he sets them down just as they came to him. It is the fault of "Laodamia," and of some pieces like it, and there Wordsworth breaks through his own wise rule, and sets himself to compose, not taking things as they come. "Laodamia" is an attempt to be classic, to have those classic qualities of calmness and balance and natural dignity which, in a poem like "The Leech-Gatherer," had come of themselves, through mere truth to nature, to the humbleness of fact and the grandeur of impassioned thought illuminating it. Here, on the contrary, Words-

worth would be Greek as the Greeks were, or rather as they seem to us, at our distance from them, to be; and it is only in single lines that he succeeds, all the rest of the poem showing an effort to be something not himself. Thus this profoundly natural poet becomes for once, as Matthew Arnold has noted, "artificial," in a poem which has been classed among his masterpieces.

In the sonnets, on the other hand, we find much of Wordsworth's finest work, alike in substance and in form. "The sonnet's scanty plot of ground" suited him so well because it forced him to be at once concise and dignified, and yet allowed him to say straight out the particular message or emotion which was possessing him. He felt that a form so circumscribed demanded not only something said in every line, but something said with a certain richness; and when so few words could be used, those words must be chosen with unusual care, and with an attention to their sound as well as to their meaning. The proportion, it is true, of his bad sonnets to his good sonnets is so great that even in Matthew Arnold's scrupulous selection, at least six out of the sixty would have been better omitted. Taking them at their best, you will find that nowhere in his work has he put so much of his finest self into so narrow a compass. Nowhere are there so many splendid single lines, lines of such weight, such imaginative ardor. And these lines have nothing to lose by their context, as almost all the fine lines which we find in the blank verse poems have to lose. Wordsworth's blank verse is so imperfect a form, so heavy, limp, drawling, unguided, that even in poems like "Tintern Abbey" we have to unravel the splendors, and, if we can, forget the rest. In "The Prelude" and "The Excursion" poetry comes and goes at its

own will, and even then for the most part,

Its exterior semblance doth belie  
Its soul's immensity.

What goes on is a kind of measured talk, which, if one is in the mood for it, becomes as pleasant as the gentle continuance of a good, thoughtful, easy-paced, prosy friend. Every now and then an ecstasy wakes out of it, and one hears singing, as if the voices of all the birds in the forest cried in a human chorus.

Wordsworth has told us in his famous prefaces exactly what was his own conception of poetry, and we need do no more than judge him by his own laws. "Poetry," he says, "is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." "The poet thinks and feels in the spirit of human passions." The poet is "a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him." "I have said," he reiterates, "that poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings; it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity; the emotion is contemplated till, by a species of reaction, the tranquillity gradually disappears, and an emotion kindred to that which was before the subject of contemplation is gradually produced, and does itself actually exist in the mind." The poet, then, deals with "truth, carried alive into the heart by passion." "I have at all times," he tells us, "endeavored to look steadily at my subject," and, as for the subject, "I have wished to keep the reader in the company of flesh and blood, persuaded that by so doing I shall interest him." "Personifications of abstract ideas rarely occur in these volumes, and are utterly rejected as an ordinary device to elevate the style and raise it above

prose." "Poetic diction," which is always insincere, inasmuch as it is not "the real language of men in *any situation*," is to be given up, and, "it may safely be affirmed that there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition." The language which alone is suitable for verse, and which requires no change in its transference from the lips of men to the printed page is defined, not very happily, in the original preface of 1798, as "the language of conversation in the middle and lower classes of society," and, in the revised preface of 1800, with perfect exactitude, as "a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation."

When these true, but to us almost self-evident things were said, Wordsworth was darling, for the first time, to say what others, when they did it, had done without knowing; and he was supposed to be trying to revolutionize the whole art of poetry. In reality he was bringing poetry back to its senses, which it had temporarily lost under the influence of that lucid madness which Pope imposed upon it. The style of Pope was still looked upon as the type of poetical style, though Blake and Burns had shown that the utmost rapture of personal passion and of imaginative vision could be expressed, even in the eighteenth century, in a style which was the direct utterance of nature in her two deepest moods. Pope is the most finished artist in prose who ever wrote in verse. It is impossible to read him without continuous admiration for his cleverness, or to forget, while reading him, that poetry cannot be clever. While Herrick or Crashaw, with two instinctively singing lines, lets us overhear that he is a poet, Pope brilliantly convinces us of everything that he chooses, except of that one fact. The only moments when he trespasses into beauty are the



moments when he mocks its affectations; so that

Die of a rose in aromatic pain

remains his homage, unintentional under its irony, to that "principle of beauty in all things" which he had never seen.

But it was not only against the directly anti-poetical principles of Pope that Wordsworth protested, but against much that was most opposed to it, against the hyperbolic exaggerations of the so-called "metaphysical poets" of the seventeenth century, and against the half-hearted and sometimes ill-directed attempts of those who, in a first movement of reaction against Pope, were trying to bring poetry back to nature, against Thomson, Cowper and Crabbe.

He saw that Thomson, trying to see the world with his own eyes, had only to some degree won back the forgotten "art of seeing," and that, even when he saw straight, he could not get rid of that "vicious style" which prevented him from putting down what he had seen, just as he saw it. Cowper's style is mean, rather than vicious; "some critics," says Wordsworth, after quoting some lines from a poem of Cowper, then and afterwards popular, "would call the language prosaic; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad that it is scarcely worse in metre." With Crabbe, who may have taught Wordsworth something, we have only to contrast, as the note to "Lucy Gray" ask us to do, "the imaginative influences which" Wordsworth "endeavored to throw over common life with Crabbe's matter-of-fact style of handling subjects of the kind." For, seeming, as Wordsworth did to the critics of his time, to bring poetry so close to prose, to make of it something prosaic, he is really, if we will take him at his word, and will also judge him by his best, the advocate of a more

than usually lofty view of poetry.

In saying that there is no essential difference between the language of prose and of verse, Wordsworth is pointing straight to what constitutes the essential difference between prose and poetry; metre. An old delusion reappeared the other day, when a learned writer on aesthetics quoted from Marlowe:—

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?

and assured us that "it is certain that he could only have ventured on the sublime audacity of saying that a face launched ships and burned towers by escaping from the limits of ordinary language, and conveying his metaphor through the harmonious and ecstatic movements of rhythm and metre." Now, on the contrary, any writer of elevated prose, Milton or Ruskin, could have said in prose precisely what Marlowe said, and made fine prose of it; the imagination, the idea, a fine kind of form, would have been there; only one thing would have been lacking, the very finest kind of form, the form of verse. It would have been poetical substance, not poetry; the rhythm transforms it into poetry, and nothing but the rhythm.

When Wordsworth says "that the language of a large portion of every good poem, even of the most elevated character, must necessarily, except with reference to the metre, in no respect differ from that of good prose," he is admitting, on behalf of metre, all that any reasonable defender of "art for art's sake" ever claimed on its behalf. But he is not always, or not clearly, aware of the full meaning of his own argument, and not always consistent with it. He is apt to fall back on the conventional nicety of the worst writ-

ers whom he condemns, and can speak of

The fowl domestic and the household dog,

or can call a gun "the deadly tube," or can say of the organ,

While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast.

He is frequently provincial in thought, and thus trivial in expression, as when he says with conviction:—

Alas! that such perverted zeal  
Should spread on Britain's favored ground!

He can be trivial for so many reasons, one of which is a false theory of simplicity, not less than a lack of humor.

My little Edward, say why so;  
My little Edward, tell me why,

is the language of a child, not of a grown man; and when Wordsworth uses it in his own person, even when he is supposed to be speaking to a child, he is not using "the real language of men" but the actual language of children. The reason why a fine poem like "The Beggars" falls so immeasurably below a poem like "The Leech-Gatherer" is because it has in it something of this infantile quality of speech. I have said that Wordsworth had a quality of mind which was akin to the child's fresh and wondering apprehension of things. But he was not content with using this faculty like a man; it dragged him into the depths of second childhood hardly to be distinguished from literal imbecility. In a famous poem, "Simon Lee," he writes:—

My gentle reader, I perceive  
How patiently you've waited;  
And now I fear that you expect  
Some tale will be related.

There are more lines of the kind, and they occur, as you see, in what is considered one of Wordsworth's successes.

If one quoted from one of the failures!

It was from Burns, partly, that Wordsworth learnt to be absolutely straightforward in saying what he had to say, and it is from Burns that he sometimes even takes his metres, as in the two fine poems written in his memory.

Well might I mourn that He was gone  
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,

When, breaking forth as nature's own,  
It showed my youth

How Verse may build a princely throne

On humble truth.

That has the very quality of Burns, in its admission of a debt which is more obvious than any other, except that general quickening of poetic sensibility, of what was sometimes sluggish in his intellect, which he owed to Coleridge, and that quickening of the gift of seeing with emotion, which he owed to his sister Dorothy. But, at his best and worst, hardly any poet seems so much himself, so untouched by the influence of other poets. When he speaks he is really speaking, and when speech passes into song, as in some of those happy lyrics which reserve a gravity in delight, the words seem to sing themselves unconsciously, to the tune of their own being. In what seems to me his greatest, as it is certainly his most characteristic poem, "The Leech-Gatherer," he has gathered up all his qualities, dignity, homeliness, meditation over man and nature, respectful pity for old age and poverty, detailed observation of natural things, together with an imaginative atmosphere which melts, harmonizes, the forms of cloud and rock and pool and the voices of wind and man in a single composition. Such concentration, with him, is rare; but it is much less rare than is commonly supposed to find an

almost perfect expression of a single mood or a single aspect of nature, as it has come to him in his search after everything that nature has to say to us or to show us.

In Haydon's portrait, the portrait by which Wordsworth is generally known, the eyes and the forehead seem to be listening, and the whole head droops over, as if brooding upon some memory of sound or sight. It is typical of a poet who, at his best, had a Quaker wisdom, and waited on the silent voices "in a wise passiveness," with that "happy stillness of the mind" in which truth may be received unsought. For, as he says, summing up into a kind of precept what nearly all of his work represents to us indirectly:—

The eye—it cannot choose but see;  
We cannot bid the ear be still;  
Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
Against, or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
That we can feed this mind of ours  
In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
Of things forever speaking,  
That nothing of itself will come  
But we must still be seeking?

And, in "The Prelude," defining what he most hopes for as a poet, it is

A privilege whereby a work of his  
Proceeding from a source of untaught things,  
Creative and enduring, may become  
A force like one of Nature's.

To see, more clearly than any one had seen before; seeing things as they are, not composed into pictures, but in splendid natural motion or in all the ardor of repose; and then to see deeply into them, to feel them,

not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity:

that is his aim, his ambition. In the note to a very early poem he tells us of some natural aspect that struck him in boyhood: "It was in the way between Hawkshead and Ambleside, and gave me extreme pleasure. The moment," he adds, "was important in my poetical history, for I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country, so far as I was acquainted with them; and I made a resolution to supply, in some degree, the deficiency." It was only gradually that the human figures came into the landscape, and at first as no more than a completion to the picture. He sees the Cumberland shepherd like one "in his own domain," among the rocks, and outlined against the sky:—

Thus was man  
Ennobled outwardly before my sight,  
And thus my heart was early introduced  
To an unconscious love and reverence  
Of human nature:

still visual, you see, part of the honor and majesty of the eyes; and still secondary to nature:—

a passion, she  
A rapture often, and immediate love  
Ever at hand; he, only a delight  
Occasional, an accidental grace,  
His hour being not yet come.

The hour came with a consciousness henceforward deeply, but not passionately felt, with a moved, grave, pitying and respectful, but not passionate, sympathy with passion, of

Man suffering among awful Powers  
and Forms.

When Wordsworth resolved to

make verse  
Deal boldly with substantial things,  
he turned, somewhat apprehensively,  
to what he feared and valued most in  
humanity, the elementary passions, and  
to those in whom they are seen most  
simply, the peasants of his country-  
side. It was

the gentle agency  
Of natural objects

that had led him gradually to feel for  
passions not his own, and to think

On man, the heart of man, and human  
life.

And so these "dwellers in the valley"  
come to us with some of the immo-  
bility of natural objects, set there  
among their rocks and stones like a  
part of them scarcely more sentient,  
or scarcely less interpenetrated with  
the unconscious lesson of nature. They  
are stationary, a growth of the soil,  
and when they speak, with the emphat-  
ic slowness of the peasant, we are al-  
most surprised that beings so rudi-  
mentary can become articulate.

Words are but under-agents in their  
souls;

When they are grasping with their  
greatest strength

They do not breathe among them.

There is something sluggish, only half  
awake, in the way "Michael" is told:—

'Tis a common tale,  
An ordinary sorrow of man's life;

and it is seen as if with the eyes of the  
old man, and told as if always with  
his own speech. Turn to those poems  
in which Wordsworth is most human,  
and at the same time most himself as  
a poet, "The Leech-Gatherer," "Mi-  
chael," "Animal Tranquillity and De-  
cay," "The Old Cumberland Beggar,"  
and you will see that they are all mo-  
tionless, or moving imperceptibly, like  
the old beggar:—

He is so still  
In look and motion, that the cottage  
curs,  
Ere he have passed the door, will turn  
away,  
Weary of barking at him.

And Wordsworth conveys this part of  
natural truth to us as no other poet  
has ever done, no other poet having  
had in him so much of the reflective  
peasant. He seems to stop on the  
other side of conscious life, and I  
think we may apply to his general atti-  
tude towards the human comedy what  
he says in "The Prelude" of his atti-  
tude towards a play on the stage:—

For though I was most passionately  
moved  
And yielded to all changes of the  
scene  
With an obsequious promptness, yet  
the storm  
Passed not beyond the suburbs of the  
mind.

In one of his poems Wordsworth re-  
bukes Byron because he

dares to take  
Life's rule from passion craved for  
passion's sake;

and, in an utterance reported in Mr.  
Myers's *Life*, takes credit to himself  
for his moderation, in words which can  
hardly be read without a smile: "Had  
I been a writer of love-poetry, it would  
have been natural to me to write it  
with a degree of warmth which could  
hardly have been approved by my prin-  
ciples and which might have been un-  
desirable for the reader." Not unnatu-  
rally, Wordsworth was anxious for it  
to be supposed that he had not at-  
tained tranquillity without a struggle,  
and we hear much, from himself and  
others, of his restlessness, which sent  
him wandering about the mountains  
alone, of his nervous exhaustion after  
writing, of his violence of feeling, the  
feeling for his sister, for instance,

which seems to have been the one strong and penetrating affection of his life. Were not these stirrings, after all, no more than breaths of passing wind ruffling the surface of a deep and calm lake? I think almost the most significant story told of Wordsworth is the one reported by Mr. Aubrey de Vere about the death of his children. "Referring once," he tells us, "to two young children of his who had died about *forty years* previously, he described the details of their illnesses with an exactness and an impetuosity of troubled excitement, such as might have been expected if the bereavement had taken place but a few weeks before. The lapse of time seemed to have left the sorrow submerged indeed, but still in all its first freshness. Yet I afterwards heard that at the time of the illness, at least in the case of one of the two children, it was impossible to rouse his attention to the danger. He chanced to be then under the immediate spell of one of those fits of poetic inspiration which descended on him like a cloud. Till the cloud had drifted, he could see nothing beyond." The thing itself, that is to say, meant little to him; he could not realize it; what possessed him was the "emotion recollected in tranquillity," the thing as it found its way, imaginatively, into his own mind.

And it was this large, calm, impersonal power, this form of imagination, which, as he says,

Is but another name for absolute  
power  
And clearest insight, amplitude of  
mind,  
And reason in her most exalted mood,  
which made him able to

sit without emotion, hope or aim,  
In the loved presence of his cottage  
fire,

and yet to look widely, dispassionately,

into what in man is most akin to nature, seeing the passions almost at their origin, where they are still a scarcely conscious part of nature. Speaking of his feeling for nature, he tells us that,

As if awakened, summoned, roused,  
constrained,  
I looked for universal things, perused  
The common countenance of earth  
and sky.

And so in his reading of "the great book of the world," of what we call the human interest of it, he looked equally, and with the same sense of a constraining finger pointing along the lines, for universal things.

Him who looks

In steadiness, who hath among least  
things

An under-sense of greatest; sees the  
parts

As parts, but with a feeling of the  
whole,

is his definition of what he has aimed at doing; it defines exactly what he has done. The links of things as their roots begin to form in the soil, their close intertexture underground; that is what he shows us, completing his interpretation of nature. We must go to other poets for any vivid consciousness or representation of all that waves in the wind when sap and fibre become aware of themselves above ground.

All Wordsworth's work is a search after

The bond of union between life and  
joy.

The word joy occurs in his work more frequently than perhaps any other emotional word. Sometimes, as in his own famous and awkward line, it is

Of joy in widest commonality spread

that he tells us; sometimes of the joy embodied in natural things, as they



are taken in gratefully by the senses: sometimes of disembodied joy, an emotion of the intellect:—

And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the  
joy  
Of elevated thought; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply inter-  
fused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
suns,  
And the round ocean and the living  
air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of  
man.

Ecstasy, with him, is

The depth, and not the tumult, of the  
soul;

and his highest joy comes to him in a sacramental silence. Even at this height, any excess of joy seems to him so natural, that he can speak of it quite simply, without any of the unfaith of rhetoric.

To Wordsworth there was an actual divine inhabitant of woods and rocks, a divinity implicit there, whom we had only to open our eyes to see, visible in every leaf and cranny. What with other men is a fancy, or at the most a difficult act of faith, is with him the mere statement of a fact. While other men search among the images of the mind for that poetry which they would impute to nature, Wordsworth finds it there really in things, and awaiting only a quiet loving glance. He conceives of things as loving back in return for man's love, grieving at his departure, never themselves again as they had been when he loved them. "We die, my friend," says the Wanderer, looking round on the cottage which had once been Margaret's;

Nor we alone, but that which each  
man loved  
And prized in his particular nook of  
earth  
Dies with him, or is changed.

Even the spring in the garden seems  
conscious of a grief in things.

Beside yon spring I stood,  
And eyed its waters till we seemed to  
feel  
One sadness, they and I. For them a  
bond  
Of brotherhood is broken: time has  
been  
When, every day, the touch of human  
hand  
Dislodged the natural sleep that binds  
them up  
In mortal stillness; and they minis-  
tered  
To human comfort.

What a responsiveness of the soul to the eye, "the most despotic of our senses," the sense of sight, as he calls it, truly! It is his chief reason for discontentment with cities, that in them the eye is starved, to the disabling or stunting of the growth of the heart:—

Among the close and overcrowded  
haunts  
Of cities, where the human heart is  
sick,  
And the eye feeds it not, and cannot  
feed.

The eye is realized by him as the chief influence for good in the world, an actual moral impulse, in its creation and radiation of delight. Sight, to him, is feeling; not, as it is with Keats, a voluptuous luxury, but with some of the astringent quality of mountain air. When he says that the valley "swarms with sensation," it is because, as he tells us of one living among the Lakes, "he must have experienced while looking on the unruffled waters, that the imagination by their aid is carried into recesses of feeling otherwise impenetrable." It is into these recesses of feeling that the mere physical delight of the eye carries him, and, the visible world so definitely apprehended, the feeling latent in it so vividly absorbed, he takes the further

step and begins to make and unmake the world about him.

I had a world about me—'twas my own,  
I made it, for it only lived to me.

The Beatific Vision has come to him in this tangible, embodied form, through a kind of religion of the eye which seems to attain its final rapture, unlike most forms of mysticism, with open eyes. The tranquillity, which he reached in that consciousness of

A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things,

is his own form of perfect spiritual happiness, or attainment. That "impasioned contemplation" of nature, which he prized above all things, was his way of closing the senses to all things external to his own contemplation. It came to him through sight, but through sight humanized into feeling, and illuminated by joy and peace. He saw nature purely, with no uneasy or unworthy emotions, which nature might need to purify. Nature may, indeed, do much to purify the soul of these emotions, but until these are at rest it cannot enter fully, it cannot possess the soul with itself. The ultimate joy, as Wordsworth knew, that comes to the soul from the beauty of the world, must enter as light enters a crystal, finding its own home there and its own flawless mirror.

Yet, as there is an ecstasy in which joy itself loses so much of separateness as to know that it is joy, so there is one further step which we may take in the companionship of nature; and this step Wordsworth took. In the

note to that ode into which he has put his secret doctrine, the "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," he says, speaking of his early years: "I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature. Many times while going to school have I grasped at a wall or tree to recall myself from this abyss of Idealism to the reality." To Wordsworth, external things existed so visibly, just because they had no existence apart from the one eternal and infinite being; it was for the principle of infinity in them that he loved them, and it was this principle of infinity which he seemed to recognize by a simple act of memory. It seemed to him quite literally, that the child really remembers "that imperial palace whence we came" less and less clearly as human life sets all its veils between the soul and that relapsing light. But later on, when we seem to have forgotten, when the world is most real to us, it is by an actual recognition that we are reminded, now and again, as one of those inexplicable flashes carries some familiar, and certainly never seen, vision through the eyes to the soul, of that other, previous fragment of eternity which the soul has known before it accepted the comfortable bondage and limit of time. And so, finally, the soul, carried by nature through nature, transported by visible beauty into the presence of the source of invisible beauty, sees in one annihilating flash of memory, its own separate identity vanish away, to resume the infinite existence which that identity had but interrupted.

## THE GATE.

"Hello, sonny! who are you?"

"Lord Bobs!" said the small boy, with the sturdy assertiveness of one who had been on the look-out for just that question.

"I see," said the young man in the straw hat, striving by much looking to fix the small boy's identity. He knew a good many of their dirty little faces, but couldn't be sure of odd ones; and being of a kindly nature, he didn't want to make the mistake of putting to confusion even so dirty a little face as this.

It, was the saucy, dirty little face which had caught his eye, for it was the only really dirty face in the whole lot. The rest ran up and down the scale in tones and semitones, through smears and plebalds to raw reds and unnatural oily white polishes. The changes wrought by drastic efforts at cleanliness had already misled him more than once that morning. But this small face bore no smallest trace of feminine handiwork, and was complacently satisfied with its natural grime. Its owner was dressed—if so dignified an expression could attach to so inadequate a velling of the beauties of nature—in veritable bags which had once been some much larger person's trousers, and had been adapted to his size with two cuts of the shears. They were an easy fit, and left plenty of room for the play of the active legs inside. They were also well ventilated, and might to a romantic eye have recalled the slashed garments of earlier ages. When their owner moved—and he was never still—the slashings gaped and showed paler gleams through the sombre outer casings. A small corduroy jacket with one button at the neck concealed the

fragmentary nature of his underwear. And pinned on his breast was a small button portrait of General Lord Bobs. Cap and shoes he looked upon as unnecessary restraints.

"But do you—er—belong to us?" asked the young man delicately.

"Yus—fer to-day."

"I see. But you don't come to the school regularly?"

"Not reg'lar."

"Ever been before?"

"To ther sea?" with a sharp twinkle.

"Naw!"

"No, to the school."

"Not yit, but I don't mind comen."

"I've no right to let you go, you know," began the young man, "but—" Well, it was a long way back through the busy streets, and he hadn't the heart to turn him out. He was new at the work, you see, and had besides a rather absurd habit of imagining himself in the other fellow's place, which let him in for many a soft-hearted, kindly action.

"All right, go ahead. I'll square it myself if there's any trouble," and Lord Bobs squeezed through the barrier with the rest, and climbed exuberantly over three or four very much cleaner little boys in his eagerness to get into the train. When one of the cleaner little boys began to cry at being walked over, Lord Bobs, assured of his own position, reached down a grimy hand and helped to haul him up into the carriage.

Lord Bobs's carriage had a lively time of it—exciting indeed at times. Some bigger boys scrambled in and ousted the squatters in the window seats, all except Lord Bobs. When they tried that there were ructions. Lord Bobs reverted to the tactics of

times prior even to the period of slashed breeches, set his back to his corner, and fought with hands and feet, and even threatened with his little white teeth. So they left him in possession at last, and contented themselves with uncouth pleasantries concerning his attire, which did not trouble him in the slightest. He hauled one of the smallest dispossessed on to his ragged knee and pointed out the beauties of nature to him as they passed.

"That's a hoss," he said knowingly. And them's cows. I seen 'em at slaughterus where they makes 'em into mutton chops. An' them's sheep what has trotters. Hi! see the water runnin' away! Pipe bust some'eres, I s'pect. Whoosh!" as a train sped past them. "That nearly had us. Gol darn it! I hope our man'll keep his right side."

He was the very first boy on the sands, having escaped while the rest were being marshalled into orderly procession to march through the streets. By the time the others arrived he was dancing in the lip of the tide, as wet and sanded as if he had been there a week. The sight of cleaner faces had excited in him a spirit of emulation, and his own face was rough and red from the application of sand and salt water. His eyes were as bright as the sun-glints on the waves beyond, and the sweetest air he had ever tasted was filling him, inside and out, through his wide-open mouth and the rents in his garments.

Ishmael had his compensations. So also Lord Bobs. If he lacked buns and milk when the whistle sounded, it was because he was a mile away along the tide, picking up treasure-trove and chasing impossible beautiful birds with white breasts and dove-colored backs and yellow legs, which whistled and mewed and were not the least afraid of him. The things he found along there would have filled a cart. Some he car-

ried for a time and felt rich, then dropped for greater prizes still. And some he stowed away inside him—floating apples and some sodden crusts. The crusts were pulpy, but they helped to fill up, and the apples were beyond words. The sharp little teeth went through them with delight, and the red lips smacked over them, and the sharp eyes searched far and wide for more.

Oh, yes, Ishmael was not without his compensations. For one thing, those school-children, clumped about the sands away off over there, might wade gingerly in the pools with infantile shrieks and screams. But they couldn't tear off all their things like this and run wildly, splendidly, naked across the hard-ribbed furrows and flashing shallows, and dash knee-deep into the water, and lie and kick and splash to their heart's content, for as long as they liked and with no one to say them nay. That was reserved for Ishmael.

If you had been near enough you might have seen the cloudy skin emerge from the shadiness by degrees, and mottle pink and blue, with curious yellow-black marks and scores in many places, and then flush red with the hot sun, and lying in the hot silver sand above tide-mark. But always—pink or blue or red—those yellow-black scores and blotches. And Lord Bobs could have put the finger of his short memory on each one and told you just how it came there. But they did not hurt now, and he never gave them a thought.

Only once that day did he surrender his liberty, and that only temporarily and for an object.

He had drifted back towards the more thickly populated part of the sands when he saw the other children rioting in what he called "free mokes." He must ride, too. So he mingled with them till he had bestridden a patient, long-eared, long-suffering beast with much vociferous exhortation and much

kicking of bare heels into impassive swaying sides.

Then the whistle sounded once more for buns and milk, and his stomach said that it was good. By deft strategic moves he got two supplies and felt very happy, and, after a short rest, under the influence of such unwonted fattening, he got up and rambled off along the shore again till he became no more than a black dot and disappeared. But since no one was concerned for him that did not matter.

He went on and on, talking to himself at times, and sometimes whooping at the gulls, and swooping down on newly-discovered treasure in the tide, heedless of time, completely and absolutely happy, but nevertheless with a very definite purpose growing in him almost too big for his body.

"Now where's Lord Bobs, I wonder?" said the young man in the straw hat as he helped to shepherd the straggling flock to the station. "He'll turn up, I suppose. I must look for him at the other end."

But when they got to the other end it was raining heavily, and he had his hands full, getting his procession of gleeful draggled sheep home, and the missing goat dropped out of his mind.

And Lord Bobs was miles away, where the swelling tide licked up the yellow sands. He had followed the retreating waters with keen regret, under the belief that they were draining away for good. When in due course they began coming in again he was wild with delight, and cheered them on with shouts, and raced with them and danced in them till he was tired. And now he was sitting on a sandhill watching a red-hot sun go down into a fiery furnace of crimson and amber, with black bars across the grate in front. It reminded him of the fire in the cellar at home as he had seen it now and again in winter time, and none too often, and then only at a distance, since

going too close meant additions to his collection of yellow-black marks.

The sun when he sank loosed terrors on the earth. Black clouds piled themselves up where he had gone down and spread themselves quickly over the sky. The wind moaned along the flats. The friendly sea no longer danced and laughed. Out there it was the color of lead, with hurrying streaks of white. It seemed to him like hosts of mud-colored horses, with tossing white manes rushing furiously for the land and roaring as they came. A solid wall of rain came hissing over the flats and filled the pools with twinkling cups and floating bubbles, and pitted the sand with pock-marks and turned its bright yellow to a sullen brown. A ragged streak of lightning tore open the black clouds and the close-following thunder crackled and crashed right over his head. He began to wish he had gone with the others.

"Gol d— ow'd I knows ye wouldn't want me to stop?" he whimpered, and scrambled down from his hummock and humped a defensive shoulder to the threatening heavens and set off through the heavy sand towards the town, with white-eyed glances now and again at the big waves rolling and thrashing on his left like a frightened puppy on the side-walk of a busy street. Blackness was all about him, and the blackness was full of roarings which deafened and dazed him.

He had never felt so lonely in his life before. But as he plodded along and nothing harmed him, his courage came back by degrees. He assured himself that he was not afraid.

"Gol darn it!" he said. "Takes more'n a dark night to frighten Lord Bobs."

He stumbled up against big wheels at last, and remembered the little wooden houses that stood on top of them. If the door should be open now! He climbed the rough steps, but the door was fastened. He tried the next;



fastened too. But at last one yielded, and he crawled in and fell over something soft. An explosion of startled curses sent him tumbling down the steps. When he recovered himself he tried again with added caution, and found at last another open door and an empty van. He lay down under the wooden seat and stretched his tired little legs to their full length.

Outside the wind howled till he thought it would blow the roof off, and the sea roared till he feared it would surely get him. But he was used to sleeping amid tumult, and the strong air had made him heavy, and at last the noises dulled in his ears and he slept in spite of it all.

Once he woke with a start of fear at feeling his house on the move. Yes, surely, it was moving. It bumped him up and down, and he wondered half consciously where it was taking him to. Then he heard the rattle of chains and men's voices through the storm. Then the voices went away and he turned over and slept again.

He was wakened in the morning by somebody hauling him out by the leg. He fell into the sand, and the toe of a big boot took payment for his night's lodging, and implied wrong-doing on his part. He sped away to escape the rest.

It was a lovely morning, bright sun, blue sky, the great stretch of yellow sands in front, and a white-streaked blue sea beyond them. The little wild beast inside him rumbled and grumbled and he trotted up the beach to look for breakfast.

He found a paper bag with a half-eaten bun in it. He had never tasted anything half so good before. The wild beast accepted it on account and demanded more. He hovered round an old lady with a shawl tied over her hat, who was spreading towels on the sand to dry and eating chunks of bread and butter between times.

"Well, what dun yo' want?" she asked.

"Su'then to eat."

"Spread them towles, then, an' I'll give ye summat," and he spread the towels and was rewarded with a thick slice of bread and butter.

"Where dun yo' come from?" asked the old lady.

"Came wi' ther school, but I ain't goin' back."

"Well, see the bobbies don't git hold on yo'," and he cast apprehensive looks all round for the truculent men of the law.

All the bread and butter had disappeared, so he passed on. He saw another pile of towels further on, and began diligently spreading them with an eye to further nourishment. But this old lady would have none of him.

"Drop it, ye ll'I reskle," she shrieked, and he fled before her.

The flats looked friendly again. He ran down to the sea and found fresh treasure—a turnip, some onions, some potatoes. They were clammy and tasteless, but they helped to still the grumbler down below, and he wandered on along the shore.

With a mind more at leisure from the novelty of things, he made many new discoveries. Strange hard little creatures crawled sideways into pools as he overshadowed them, and raised menacing fists to spar at him; and some of them under cover of a defiant front and wrathful bubbleings, scraped holes in the sand with their back legs and sank out of sight while he looked at them. Strange thorny creatures wriggled against his toes in the shallow pools, and he tried to catch them in his hands. They were lumps of jelly which he stood and looked at, and wondered if they might be good to eat. And there were pretty five-pointed stars which worked and quivered all over as if they'd been hit with a belt-buckle when he turned them over with his toe.

When the sun got hot he undid a button or two, and leaped gleaming white out of his pelts as a butterfly out of its chrysalis coat. Then away into the rippling tide with shouts and cries which he was quite unaware of, and did not recognize as praises to an absolutely unknown God. Then once more up the flats, through the warm, sun-kissed pools, into the warmer white sand, to bask and wriggle and burrow like any baby rabbit. He had suddenly begun to live, and he was only one day old.

When the beast inside began to grumble again he sought food along the ridge of tangled seaweed and in the scum of the tide. And all day long he dwelt in a fairy palace, with a round blue dome above which grew whiter down the sides, and where the slides touched the earth they danced and twisted and flickered so that the far-away houses of the town, and one little house which seemed to stand on nothing at the other end of nowhere, reeled as if the men who shifted the scenes had got drunk earlier than usual. For he had once seen a pantomime from the top back seat of a very high gallery, and he knew what made houses jig like that.

Once, lying in the soft, white sand, he fell asleep, and, wakening suddenly, saw a sober, long-drawn little face and two inquisitive ears watching him anxiously from a neighboring hillock. He knew it was a rabbit, for he had seen them and even surreptitiously pulled their ears as they hung head downwards outside the shop round the corner at home. He started up with a whoop, and chased the bobbing white tail till it disappeared into a hole. He lay for an hour with his nose to the hole, but Br'er Rabbit knew better. He found a rabbit's skull, white and polished, and examined it with much curiosity, and enjoyed the little white teeth and the way it was all put to-

gether. Then he carried it carefully to his clothes-pile and laid it on top of Lord Bobs.

The sun sank at last in a clear, soft sky, all rose and gold, and all the flats flamed liquid fire. Then they glowed softly like a great rose garden, and then they turned to rusty iron, and he wondered where he was going to sleep that night.

The wooden house on wheels? There was a sore place on his flank still where that big boot took toll for his last night's lodging. And if they caught him there again it might mean bobbies. He would sleep in the sand. "Gol darn it! Who's afeard o' what?"

So, with quite unnecessary noise and bustle to show that he was not afraid, he made a nest of dry seaweed and tangle which marked the spring-tide level, and dropped down on it like a tired dog and lay at rest, but found sleep long of coming.

He was used to sleeping in a turmoil, in an atmosphere thick with vice and disease. The close wooden walls last night had felt more homely. Their very cleanliness had failed to keep him awake, and the howling of the storm had sounded in his ears like the customary curses. But this wide sweetness and stillness; the millions of bright little eyes up above, every one of them fixed upon him, and him alone; the tremulous little sighs that now and again ran through the wire grass; these kept him alert and awake for a long time that night.

Away in front in the darkness, where there were no other stars, one bright point of light flamed and faded, flamed and faded, in a solemn silence as regular as the ticking of a clock. It was like a policeman flashing his lantern at night. It was like a dumb man winking. The boy lay on his stomach and winked back at it to show that he was not afraid. "Gol darn it! I ain't afeard. Ye can wink and wink and

wink yer fill's long's ye don't come any closer. Winkin' don't hurt an' I don't know what yer mean."

What's that?

Only a bubbly croaking down in the hollow behind, where there was a green pool full of wriggling black heads and tails.

And that?

A sharp little creak like the opening of a tiny door or the warning whistle of a tiny scout.

And that?

Only the terrified squeak and the hurried scuffle of soft pads on the sand as some sober-faced ancient came to investigate him, with quivering nose and startled eyes and fanning ears, and tumbled over his outlying foot.

And that?

Only the sibilant hiss of the tongue of the tide as it licked in among the tangle, with chimes of tinkling bells behind, where the league-long ripples broke in slanting gleams along the shore.

And that?

Ah! The sun blazing high, the larks bursting themselves up in the blue, and a blessed new day and the beginning of a new life.

He leaped down the shore to tumble in the tide, chanting unconscious matins as he went.

What's that?

Something dark, bobbing heavily in the water out there. It came slowly towards him and he stood and watched. It was the new life coming towards him in the form of death. Unconscious death bringing him the key of life, and he stood and watched. It came nearer and nearer. He dashed in up to his chest and laid hold of it. Then he gave a cry and fled breathless up the shallows, and crouched and watched it. His full bounding life had touched death for the first time, and Lord Bobs was frightened. The sea brought it nearer and nearer, till

it grounded on the sands and bumped softly up and down as though calling mutely for his help.

He crouched shivering, though the sun was hot. He wanted to go, but he could not leave it pitifully bumping there. He looked wildly round at the distant houses and the distant house. Then he plunged in with set teeth and retracted lips and little nose dilated, and laid hold of that which it wore, and dragged it up a little way till it lay still at last.

In the far-away cottage which seemed to dance on a rim of light at the far end of nowhere, a man and a woman sat in bitter sorrow that bright morning. The cottage was very clean. The tin things shone like silver, and the brass things shone like gold. The inside sills of the tiny windows were wide enough to hold plants in pots. From one corner a bundle of rich brown nets diffused an atmosphere of fragrance and color throughout the room. But for the man and the woman who sat there there was no brightness in the sun that day, and the sea was a treacherous foe—a murderer—a thief.

"Dunnot take on so, lass," said the man huskily. "He were a good lad, an'—an'—"

Poor comfort for a mother bereft of her boy. Yet not quite without comfort, for she might have lost her man as well.

"If only we could find him, Rafe, an' bury him, an' know where he was," wailed the woman.

"Tide'll bring him in, maybe," said the man heavily again, and dropped his arms on the white-scrubbed table and laid his head in them. He had had a hard fight for his own life when the boat went down, and his legs were shaky yet.

And at that the woman patted the big shoulder gently to tell him what

she could not say. And presently she got up with a sigh and moved softly about the room, for folks must eat though their hearts are broken.

Suddenly she stopped and stood gazing out of window, and her swollen eyes were heavy no longer, but wide and amazed and full of crazy hope.

"Rafe!" It was a scream—amazement, fear, hope, all in it—and she was stumbling to the door. He thought her bereft and sprang quickly after her. She was speeding along with her hands above her head, and speeding to meet her along the lip of the tide came a yellow-haired boy, stark naked, and like—oh, so like—

"God!" cried the man, with the same crazy hope in eyes and voice. Then it died, and the woman fell headlong into the sand. The yellow-haired boy came running up, and stood beside them, panting and naked and not ashamed.

"Come!" he cried, and laid hold of the man's jersey.

The man opened his mouth to speak, but said nothing. He bent over the woman and dusted the sand off her face with his sleeve. She sat up and gazed at the boy open mouthed and hungry-hearted. Then they all set off along the sands and the woman kept all the time glancing at the boy trotting by her side.

The man saw it, and waded in and lifted it tenderly, and laid it gently on the sand. The woman fell on her knees and kissed it with choking sobs.

"My little lad! My little lad!"

And little Lord Bobs stood by them in his native buff and looked pitifully

down on what the sea had given up. He was no longer frightened, but greatly awed. For the little lad was just about his own size and had yellow hair like himself, and it came suddenly upon him that some day he too must lie dead, and the thought of that took him out of his depth.

"Come," said the man at last, and picked up his son and started slowly for the cottage. The woman followed, weeping bitterly. The boy went with them, he did not know why. Something drew him. He felt as if he had a share in it all, for he had found him.

The man went into the cottage. The woman turned and saw the boy. She looked at him with the hunger still in her eyes, till he remembered for the first time that he was naked.

"Where are yore clothes?" she asked.

"Over there in t' sands."

She had seen the scores on his shoulders and back, and now she laid a finger gently on a yellow-black mark on his leg.

"What's that?" she asked.

"That were a kick." He looked down at it reminiscently.

"And that?"—a yellow-black target with a venomous little red bull's-eye to it.

"Ah! that were a bad 'un. 'Twere buckle o' his belt did that."

"Whose?"

"The man what lives w' her."

"Your mother?"

"She ain't my mother. She lived w' my father. He's dead."

"Come in," said the woman, and he followed her—into the new life.

*John Oxenham.*

## A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

## XII.

Although at the time of writing it is only mid-January, there is a feeling of spring in the air. Our letters from Loamshire report the first crocus of the season in the south garden at Proud-flesh Park; and Tom Topham-Sawyer, sending us a brace of pheasants, remarked with characteristic grace that in this muggy weather nothing would keep, and so he was obliged to clear out his larder. But, though the physical season is thus abnormally mild, there is a certain rigor in the religious atmosphere of Stuccovia, and for its cause we may look back a little. The Vicar returned from Torquay just at the end of Advent; but the accumulation of Christmas Trees, social gatherings and Plum-Pudding Services has proved a little too much for even his renovated strength. On the last night of the old year he conducted a novel devotion in church. It was announced as "voices of eminent preachers, heard through the phonograph, with illustrative comments;" and was so timed that just as the clock struck twelve, Dr. Liddon was heard saying, in the tone of a half-stifed Punch, "We stand at a division of time; we look backward and we look onwards." The effect, as the "Parish Magazine" said, was supernaturally solemn, but the reaction was too much for Soulsby. The pew-opener tells Bertha that he swooned in the vestry, and that, when she pressed a glass of water to his lips and the curate told him to buck up, he only murmured with half-closed eyes—

O, 'tis a burthen, Bumpstead, 'tis a  
burthen  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for  
heaven.

When Bertha reported this collapse, Selina observed with acrimony that if Mr Soulsby would only take Pulsatilla before preaching and Grape-nuts afterwards, perhaps he wouldn't have to desert his parish for six months every year. But Dr. Snuffin, who has in high perfection that faculty of sympathy which is so invaluable in a family physician, likened his patient to a high-bred racer which will go till it drops; and recommended him to lie in bed till ten every morning and to drink a pint of dry champagne with his luncheon and dinner. The churchwardens, the district visitors and the Fishers in Deep Waters, joined in a chorus of warning against "overdoing it," and the vicar so far yielded as to call in a good deal of clerical assistance. Father Adderley has more than once swooped down from his high perch in the Marylebone Road; and the Cowley Fathers from Dartmouth Street have been unremitting in their attentions. Hence arises that rigor of which I spoke before as marring the mildness of our religious atmosphere. I have observed that, whether on grounds of reason or of mere prejudice, English people dislike a man in a petticoat—"a woman with a great peard under her muffler"—and though Father Black and Father Waggett have given us the most excellent sermons, their appearance in Stucco Road, which is the part of our parish least touched by ecclesiastical influences, has given rise to unfavorable comment. The minister of the Wesleyan Chapel has preached a discourse on the "Vestments of Baal," which has been reported in the local press; and Miss Scrimgeour, a member of the "Presbyterian Church of England," whatever that may be, has been distributing from door to door a warning



poem (printed at Chelmsford), which lamentably fails to distinguish between our truly Anglican organizations and those of an alien type.

# THE COMING OF THE MONKS.

Wherefore should they come to England,

Companies of banded foes:—  
Come to England in the open,  
While their tactics England knows—  
If their influence is evil  
Where the legislature ties,  
What their mischief where their system  
Legislative law defies?

Freedom! Aye, aye, give them freedom

Such as we and ours may claim,  
In the ranks of social labor  
To uphold an honest name;  
But I know not, oh, I know not  
Where is England's common sense,  
That she lets her halls to traitors  
And ignores her own defence.

Is it not enough that lately  
Up and down the land has sprung  
Locked and barred and bolted buildings

For the hiding of our young?  
Many a father would have sooner  
Parted with his household stuff;  
Many a mother's heart is broken—  
Tell me, is it not enough?

Do we want our boys to wither  
'Neath a monastic blight;  
With the priestly bands around them  
And the Bible out of sight?  
Should we swell the list of voters,  
Who at touch of foreign spring,  
Through the ballot could endanger  
The position of our King?

Wherefore should they come to England?

Wherefore should their haunts be free

From the government inspector,  
In this land of liberty?  
And since nuns are noted beggars,  
How does English law avail,  
While these bold bag-carrying spinsters

All escape the common gaol?

An alarmist! aye, I know it,  
My opponents know it too;  
Know the danger and the duty  
Of the Protestants they woo:  
It might rouse us could we witness  
How they grin behind their cowl,  
At our ineffectual clearing  
Of the nest they come to foul.

O, the sorrow would be lessened  
If old England did not *know*;  
But she has the lights of ages  
Falling on her welcome foe:  
God sends night to those who love it,  
And our warnings men will note,  
When the papacy in England  
Takes her hostess by the throat.

"This is eloquence," said Queen Caroline, when Jeanie Deans had made an end of pleading for her sister. "This is eloquence," cried many a Stuccovian Protestant, when he pictured the British father "parting with his household stuff" to save his son. The scene of the Papacy taking her hostess by the throat seemed to suggest a woodcut for the "Police News." The thought of our monastic preachers "grinning" at us "behind their cowl" was excessively annoying; and, as an excuse for not giving is always welcome, our front doors have been rudely banged in the face of the "bold bag-carrying spinsters" from the convent in Stucco Vale.

To what lengths this religious rigor would have gone, and how far it would have frozen the stream of neighborly goodwill, it skills not now to inquire; for, before a parochial crisis had time to arise, a sudden scare of smallpox has recalled our attention to the secular sphere. As long as the disease confined its ravages to Camberwell and Poplar we regarded it with philosophic calm.

We bore their sufferings with such equanimity  
That everyone exclaimed, 'What magnanimity!

We agreed that sanitation was every-

thing—that if people would live in filth they must expect disease; and as Stuccovia is a remarkably clean and airy district we felt that virtue was its own reward. But one fine day a case was reported from Stucco Gardens Mews, and in an instant the whole spirit of the place was changed. How the disease had made its way into so well regulated a parish we shall never know; and indeed the sceptical are inclined to believe that it has never been within five miles of our sacred precincts. But undoubtedly one of the district visitors found a child with a rash, and insisted on calling in Dr. Snuffin, who, with disinterested zeal for the public health, told all his patients that they must at once be revaccinated. Marvellous was the result of this ukase. Selina, who, since she took to unauthorized systems of medicine, has poured scorn on vaccination as a disgusting and archaic superstition, not only was vaccinated herself, but caused a domestic revolution by insisting that all the servants should follow suit. Muggins, the dingy retainer, had been deeply pitted with the disease in infancy, but this availed him nothing against Selina's sanitary zeal; and the cook, who will never see sixty again, pleaded in vain the case, well known to her, of a young person at Friller's, the great dressmaker's, who "'ad such a harm through bein' done that it 'ad to be cut hoff above the elber."

Mr. Soulsby preached a mystical sermon on the Golden Calf, interpreting it as prophetic of that most beneficent boon of science which will be immortally associated with the name of Jenner; and fainted three times when subjected to the process. Mr. Barrington-Bounderley, laudably anxious to set a good example to his constituents, goes about with a red ribbon tied round the arm of his astrachan coat. Dr. Snuffin, whose horses have hitherto been a little touched in the wind or else afflict-

ed with string-halt, and were presumably bought cheap in consideration of those infirmities, has now broken out into a pair of steppers; and a grand piano has been seen going in at his drawing-room window.

Young Bumpstead "took" rather badly, and carries his left arm in a sling. Having been recommended by Snuffin to take it easy for a day or two, he spends most of his time in our dining-room, where his contests with Bertha at Ping-Pong are Homeric, and have led to betting. Bertha is a capital hand at all athletic exercises. She rides, rows, skates, swims and cycles, has won the Loamshire Annual Prize for lawn-tennis, and captains a girls' golf club. When she is staying in Stuccovia she rather misses these accustomed exercises, and Ping-Pong is the only substitute which our resources provide. Selina, indeed, has a certain contempt for bodily prowess. She likes games which, as she says, "involve a little mind," and when I seek to renew my youth by playing croquet, she professes that she can see nothing to admire in a fat man trying to squeeze a big ball through a narrow hoop, though to be sure it is better than bowls. "My dear Robert, if you were such a goose as to stoop double directly after dinner you would die no other death." That a bosom which harbors these sentiments should have melted towards Ping-Pong is, I am convinced, partly due to the influence of fashion. My Selina loves to keep abreast with what Soulsby calls "the great mundane movement." She has heard that Lord Salisbury and the Bishop of London played Ping-Pong when they met at Sandringham the other day, and (though she expressed a high-sniffing contempt for such nonsense when she first read it) I am persuaded that this paragraph from "*Classy Cuttings*" was not without its effect upon her mind. It has been suggested

by unfriendly critics of the game that the language is ironical; but Selina, who has all the admirable gravity of her sex, takes it "at the foot of the letter."

Conferences about political party matters, about the sentiment of the Boer War, about education, and the housing of the working classes are no doubt all very well in their way. They may be useful, of course, and for those who are interested in such matters they may have their importance. But the really momentous question of the day is, How can we best promote the interests of the great Ping-Pong movement? How can the game be most widely popularized? What can be done to add interest to it, and to bring the rules by which it is governed into closer harmony with the eternal principles of right and justice? Some of the greatest of living authorities, and many of the most gifted and accomplished players in the British Empire, have, I understand, been sitting in solemn conclave for the discussion of imperatively needed changes in the laws of the game, and anxiously debating proposals for some sort of national federation. It seems probable therefore that Ping-Pong is about to enter on a new phase of interest and importance, and that upper and middle-class society will have less time and attention to bestow on such troublesome and unpleasant matters as the South African War and the evils of the drink-trade.

Selina does not herself play Ping-Pong, though she is all in favor of it for the young and thoughtless. Her own brow wears a preoccupied air, and there is that in her manner and bearing which assures me that her mind is big with solemn purposes.

Lord Beaconsfield, when he depicted the high-born damsels of Muriel Towers brushing their hair at night, broke off with the quaint *apostrophe*,—"But we must not profane the mysteries of Bona Dea." I am much too cautious to commit myself to any original ob-

servations about woman's dress; but I am conscious of an impalpable feeling in the air which portends some startling development. Just a year ago a loyal population was plunged into mourning; and, though Selina really looks her best in black, and was once told with amiable frankness by dear old Lady Farringford, that she "was a fright in yaller," I have for some time been aware that she was growing restive under the discipline of twelve months sombreness. Bertha frankly revels in bright colors, and, if left to her own devices, would bedizen herself like a macaw. For my own part, these concerns do not touch me, as long as my women-kind confine their operations to Stuccovia; but occasionally our old friends of the County or the world remember us, and then I have to escort my wife and sister-in-law into a more formidable society. I confess to anxious moments when I see the lost companions of my youth gazing critically at Selina's gown, or hear them whispering that Bertha isn't a bad-looking girl, but her clothes look as if they had come out of a rag-bag. Splendor we cannot attain; but a chaste sobriety of apparel is within our compass, and I dread experiments in millinery. Judge, therefore, of my consternation when I lately picked up a notice of Friller's winter sales, and found the following items marked with Selina's violet ink:

Navy Blue Serge Bolero trimmed blue and white velvet, with large ermine sailor collar, skirt with box-pleated flounce and strapped blue and white velvet.

Red Faced Cloth Zouave, fancy strapping of own material, white embroidered cloth collar, facings and cuffs studded with quaint buttons, skirt strapped and studded to match coat.

Mauve Shag Cloth Russian Blouse, collar and facings and cuffs of white cloth, with fancy braid box-pleated skirt.

Duck's-Egg Green Coat, faced velvet, and trimmed white braid, *slightly soiled*.

Mauve Hopsac, strapped faced cloth, bolero and skirt stitched and tucked, lined through silk, slightly soiled; suitable for *short stout figure*.

Well indeed is it for ardent youth that it cannot foresee its future. "Seek not to proticipate," is the wisest of warnings. On that long-distant night at the Loamshire Hunt Ball, when I first learned that I had proposed to Selina and had been accepted by her, I little thought that I should some day have to lead about a wife in a Navy Blue Bolero or a Shag Cloth Blouse; but even less that the developments of time would link me to a "short stout figure," in a "Mauve Hopsac," or a "Duck's-egg Green Coat, slightly soiled."

But if these things are to be done—as I understand they are—in the light of day, far worse are the deeds of darkness. Under the heading of "Evening Dresses," I find that the violet ink has been alarmingly busy. Sympathetic crosses of approbation are prefixed to the succeeding items, while marks of interrogation against the annexed prices indicate a characteristic determination to drive a bargain:—

Pink Chiffon Princess Gown, bodice embroidered corals and pearls, handsomely trimmed lace, flowing over-train. 20 gns.

Black Point d'Esprit gown, baby bodice, trimmed jet and silver sequins, embroidered on cream panne, skirt with 18 net frills in front and wider at back, niched at waist. 18 gns.

Pink Kilted Chiffon Princess Dress, with insertion of ecru lace, black lace applique, pin-boxed velvet poppies. 12 gns.

White soft satin, with lace embroidered violets in baskets and pearls, embroidered sequins, straps of velvet, applique lace and velvet flowers, baby

bodice embroidered jet and steel, with primula garniture. 25 gns.

Now if, as I surmise, some at least of these garments are intended for Bertha's wearing, I confess that I deplore the prospect. I cannot believe the dear girl will look her best in "Pink Kilted Chiffon," even though it be enlivened by "pin-boxed velvet poppies." The object of dress, I take it, is marriage; and that supreme end of woman will, I believe, be more readily attained by simpler methods. Bertha Topham-Sawyer in a well-cut habit, popping over the Loamshire fences, or tittupping along Rotten Row, is a spectacle as attractive as Die Vernon on her black hunter, or Mary of Scotland on "Rosabelle." In a homespun skirt and a red jacket, wielding a golf-club or driving the "bung" at hockey, she is a figure that might inspire heroes, and is absolutely fatal to susceptible curates. But in a "baby bodice" and "flowing over-train" "niched" at the waist, and garnished with primulas, she will, I fear, create a less felicitous impression.

It used, I believe, to be held by that section of English society to which Selina and I by birth belonged that "frippery was the ambition of a huckster's daughter;" but one cannot live twenty years in Stuccovia without imbibing something of its spirit. Evil communications with the Cashingtons and the Barrington-Bounderleys corrupt good manners; and for my own part I fancy that, in our narrow sphere, we are experiencing that "Americanization of the World" on which Mr. Stead has just expended 164 pages of luscious rhetoric. The American invasion has reached us through Lady Farrington; and here I must be understood as indicating the wife of the present peer. The dear old dowager remains unshaken in the convictions of her youth. To her, Americans are a set of people who talk

through their noses, dine with their "helps," and drape the legs of their pianos; nor would either argument or eloquence move her from that sure anchorage. But, in spite of these prepossessions, her son, the present Lord Farringford, having partly ruined himself at Newmarket and completed the process at Monte Carlo, has repaired his shattered fortunes by marrying Miss Van Oof of New York, whose father made his millions by the famous "corner" in canvas-backed ducks. And the new Lady Farringford, being young, pretty, rich and outspoken, has had a deserved success in London. Her intimacy in the highest quarters, reported in the society journals of New York, provoked from a friend of her youth the sarcastic exclamation, "What! Sally Van Oof sporting in the lap of Royalty? You bet your last biscuit she'll roll off!" But the prophecy is not yet fulfilled. The dowager, who knows the market value of social com-

modities as well as most of us, has conveniently forgotten her former sarcasms against Vanderbilts and Astors, and has given tea-parties in honor of her daughter-in-law. Contrary to my expectations Selina has "taken immensely" to young Lady Farringford. Even Bertha thinks she is "rather a dear;" and she has conciliated parochial sympathy by pronouncing Mr. Soulsby "a lovely man." But she brings with her an atmosphere of worldliness which I perceive and deplore. Her taste in dress is flamboyant. Her habits of expenditure are difficult to keep pace with. She defies all the social proprieties in which Selina and I were nurtured. And yet she confidently reckons on being invited to the "courts" which the King and Queen are to hold; and she has just carried off Bertha to Norfolk House to inspect the model of the robes in which she will flaunt at the Coronation.

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

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### THE SHIP OF SLEEP.

What mariners these, what helmsman a-drowse on the deep,  
A-drowse and a-dream at the wheel in the Ship of Sleep?  
Their slumbers are heavy, the sleep of the sea is light,  
And the wind is wakeful, and sudden his hand on the night.

O helmsman a-dream at the wheel, thou art fated as he,  
Pallinurus the pilot that fell from the helm to the sea;  
And better to slumber with him in the caves that conceal,  
Better to sleep in the deep than to dream at the wheel.

*William Watson.*

*The Speaker.*



## ST. LUKE AS ARTIST.

St. Luke, the Evangelist, physician and historian (most commentators now accept him in these three characters, including his latest critic Mr. R. B. Rackham, writing the latest of "The Oxford Commentaries"), is said by tradition to have been a painter, and perhaps in the picturesque qualities of his writing we may trace the origin of this pious opinion. There is a legend that he painted the portrait of the Virgin, and certainly the greater part of the little we know of our Lord's mother is due to St. Luke, who preserved for us the Magnificat, and drew in words that poetic picture of the Nativity, adorned with the "Nunc Dimittis" and the "Benedictus," which pictorial art has never ceased to reproduce. There is just now a widespread desire to discover the personalities of all great writers, and surely there is no one who has any feeling for Christianity but must regret our ignorance about the four Evangelists. St. Luke is the only one of whose character it is possible to form any definite idea. Even in his case we must rely chiefly upon conjecture, for the modest chronicler of the "Acts of the Apostles" has purposely withdrawn himself from the gaze of his readers. He never tells us who he was, nor asks for our sympathy or our praise for the many hardships which he and St. Paul bore, and the many heroisms which they displayed together. He never even betrays his presence except by the use of the pronoun "we." All we know for certain is that the "beloved physician" never failed his friend, but was alone with him when he made "ready to be offered." There is no direct evidence as to whether he was a Jew or a Greek, but many authorities, including Renan and Professor Ramsay, adhere to the

latter conclusion. To the ordinary reader their view would appear the more plausible. St. Luke shows little sympathy with the Jews as a nation, and always paints them as hindering the work of the Church. On the other hand, he betrays some tolerance for the heathen religion around him, and a just and sympathetic comprehension of the attitude of the Roman Governors towards the new faith.

But whether he belonged to "the people" or "the nations," the historian was an artist—a man of great literary genius, whose heaven-instilled purpose, while it inspired his work, never for a moment obscured his artistic skill. The object of the book of the Acts is, as we read it, twofold. First the author desires to draw a picture of the early Church, while it was still but an offshoot of Judaism; and secondly, to describe the bursting of the Judaic bonds by the real hero of the book—St. Paul. Inspired by his wonderful—we are tempted to say his Greek—love of beauty and happiness, St. Luke begins with an exquisite picture of the early Christian community. An ideal social life prevailed among the brethren. "No man lacked anything," for "they had but one heart and one mind." No one "called anything his own, but they had all things in common," and "breaking bread from house to house did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." We are told that "a great peace was upon them all," and that they possessed singular gifts of healing. Their increasing influence with the people disquieted the high priests, who, "doubting how far this would grow," summoned the Apostles to appear before them, and tried to bind them over to silence. Peter and John, however, replied to their accusers with

light-hearted courage, saying, "Whether it is right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than to God, judge ye," and so far impressed the learned Gamaliel with their assurance that he begged his brethren to let them alone lest they themselves should be found fighting against God. When persecution threatened them St. Luke shows us the Disciples assembling themselves together, and praying that God, seeing their peril, would "grant unto His servants that with all boldness they might speak His word by stretching out His hand to heal, that signs and wonders might be done by the might of His Holy Child." In the next picture which St. Luke puts before us the state of the Church is somewhat changed. The brotherhood has been greatly enlarged, and we trace some diminution in the old simplicity and joyousness. There arose, we are told, a murmuring among the Christian poor because some were better cared for than others—evidently there is no longer community of goods. Certain men are chosen for the work of practical philanthropy, among them Stephen, who, by giving offence to the orthodox Jews, became the first martyr. In presenting Stephen to his readers St. Luke departs a little from his ordinary method of character-drawing. Generally he adheres strictly to the dramatic method, and allows his characters to reveal themselves by their own words. But in the case of Stephen it is not so, and the world knows Stephen better by what St. Luke tells us about him than by the long speech which is reported as his. We are convinced by his biographer rather than by his eloquence that "he was full of faith and power," and that his hearers "were not able to resist the wisdom and power by which he spake." So that "all that sat in the council looking steadfastly upon him saw his face as it had been

the face of an angel." By the description of his actual martyrdom this impression of spiritual fascination is confirmed in the reader's mind, and perhaps the picture of Stephen "looking into heaven," seeing the "glory of God," and forgiving his enemies, while they, "cut to the heart, gnashed upon him with their teeth," is for mere beauty of depiction the finest passage in the Acts. This moment of tragedy is the one which St. Luke chooses in which to present St. Paul. "The witnesses laid down their clothes at the feet of a young man whose name was Saul."

Once more the scene changes. Henceforward the reader's interest centres round Paul—his conversion, his peril, his trials and his defences. As we read St. Paul's words as recorded by his friend it is impossible not to wonder to what extent they have been modified by passing through the medium of another mind. Was St. Luke's report always accurate? Verbal accuracy was surely impossible. It is out of the question. If a speech took some hours to deliver it is not possible to compress it into a short paragraph and maintain verbal accuracy. All the same the short report may be a true one. A man may give in ten minutes an account of a speech he has heard in the House of Commons, and may convey truly both the subject matter of what was spoken, and also the manner and mental characteristics of the speaker, though he give up all attempt at a literal repetition of sentences. Such a report could not be called imaginary, though it makes of necessity some tax upon the understanding and imagination of the reporter. The account would remain essentially true, and in this matter of essential truth, so far as St. Paul is concerned, every reader of the Bible who has the smallest grasp of character is in a position to check

St. Luke. Is the Paul whose adventures we follow in the Acts the same perfectly original character who reveals himself to us so unreservedly in his letters? Undoubtedly he is. No one could fail to recognize the Great Apostle.

Nevertheless, every portrait reveals the painter in some degree, and in all St. Luke's sketches of character we see the same aversion to dogmatism, and the same fair attitude towards "those of the contrary part." He dwells particularly upon any sympathetic allusion to the classical standpoint made by the Apostles, repeating with evident sympathy the words spoken by St. Paul suggesting the nearness of God towards those philosophers who had "felt after Him;" and again, when Paul prevents the populace from worshipping him, we catch a glimpse of St. Luke's artistic appreciation of the joyousness inherent in a point of view which, however erroneous, bore testimony to the goodness of God, "Who in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless He left not Himself without a witness in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."

All through this book St. Luke shows the characteristics of a man of much education. He seems almost to share the high priest's surprise at the eloquence and force of Peter and John, "seeing that they were unlearned and ignorant men," and he displays that distrust of the multitude so common in men of exceptional gifts exceptionally cultivated. Witness his allusions to "fellows of the baser sort," and his account of the mass meeting of the Ephesian silversmiths, where "some cried one thing and some another, for the more part knew not why they were

come together." The sudden changes of mind observable in crowds strike the historian's notice. He describes how the barbarians of the island on which Paul was shipwrecked, on seeing him bitten by a snake, concluded that he must be some murderer flying from justice whom vengeance had overtaken. "They looked that he should have swollen and fallen down dead suddenly; but after they had looked a great while and seen no harm come to him, they changed their minds and said he was a god." Again, we see a trace of the same feeling in the almost satirical account of the behavior of the Jewish rabble before Gallio, when with utter inconsequence they beat Sosthenes in the Judgment Hall because they could not be revenged on Paul, and we feel St. Luke is not wholly out of sympathy with the supercilious Gallio, who looked on at what he considered a quarrel "about words and names and their law," and "cared for none of these things." To Gallio himself it can never have occurred that his name would be known two thousand years later solely in connection with a petty riot he hardly noticed, any more than it occurred to Festus how bitterly the course of history would satirize his contemptuous summing-up of Christianity as a question of Jewish "superstition," and of "one Jesus Who was dead, Whom Paul affirmed to be alive." Man has a treacherous memory. It is hopeless to say what he may remember, or to gauge how much he will forget. Agrippa, Felix, Festus, Gallio, would have been as dead men out of mind but for St. Luke's pencil. St. Luke conferred upon them immortality, and showed wherein lies "the artist's vantage o'er the King."

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

McClure, Phillips & Co. are soon to publish a collection of Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam's stories of childhood, the title-story in which, "The Madness of Phillip," is easily one of the cleverest sketches of child-life in recent magazine literature.

Mary Tappan Wright, author of the novel "Aliens" which is on the list of the Scribners for early publication, is the wife of Professor John H. Wright of Harvard University. Her story deals with southern life in the later reconstruction period and is the fruit of personal observation. This is Mrs. Wright's first long novel, but she has an agreeable reputation as a writer of short stories.

It is pleasant to learn that we may look for the speedy publication of four new volumes in the "American Men of Letters" series of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Professor Woodberry's volume on Hawthorne is nearly ready; Colonel Higginson's volume on Longfellow is nearing completion; Professor Edward G. Bourne of Yale expects to have his volume on Motley ready for publication in the fall; and not long after, Professor George B. Carpenter's volume on Whittier may be expected.

Harris Dickson's new novel, "The Siege of Lady Resolute," must be ranked decidedly above the average of current historical fiction. A romance of the time of Louis XIV—its hero, a young noble of the Court, and its heroine, a Huguenot damsel of high degree, its scene shifting from the Cevennes to Paris and from Paris to the Louisiana province, and its *deus ex machina* Madame de Maintenon—its plot can scarcely lack for incident. But the material is all well handled, the style is good, and far more genuine character-inter-

est is developed than is common in stories of this sort. The figure of Crozat, the banker, is a really striking one, and his relation to the plot distinctly novel. The book is sure to be popular, in spite of the multitude of competitors. Harper & Bros.

Henry C. Lahee's volume entitled "Grand Opera in America," which L. C. Page & Co. publish in their "Music Lovers' Series," gives in compact form, with some twenty portrait-illustrations, a rapid sketch of the development of interest in opera in this country, from the performance of the "Beggars' Opera" in 1750 to the representations of Wagner and Verdi in the season of 1900-1. Several hundred singers are mentioned—many of them with a brief biographical and critical notice—and interesting facts are given relating to salaries, contracts, etc., with now and then an amusing reminiscence. The style is necessarily terse and fragmentary, and the book will be found better adapted for reference than for reading. It is well indexed.

"Taking a broad view, in the light of the new metaphysics, mingling the truths of the Eastern philosophy with the more vigorous mentality of the West," the Hon. Floyd B. Wilson discourses upon atmosphere, vibrations, passive receptivity, Pranayama, "the awful meaning held in the word Unity," and "Jesus, the most powerful of psychics." One or two of his papers have been read before the New York School of Philosophy, and others have appeared in magazine form. R. F. Fenno & Co. now publish them in a little volume entitled "Paths to Power," which the reader will find stimulating or otherwise according to his relish for the "new metaphysics."

## AT COOL OF DAY.

## SONG.

High swaying boughs, and lowly wav-  
ing grasses

Glow with the glory of departing day;  
Swiftly it pales and silently it passes  
Out of the world, and leaves it still  
and gray.

Now, while we watch the tender twi-  
light falling

Stealing the landscape from our  
dreamy eyes,  
Softly we hear the birds about us call-  
ing,  
Dimly we catch the faint, far-off re-  
plies.

Slight breezes rustle, and around us  
rises

Earth's evening fragrance, born of  
flower and sod,  
Filling the dusk with sudden, sweet  
surprises  
Going, like incense, up the air to God.

This is the hour, when once, to Eden's  
garden,

God came and walked—in saddest  
anger then;  
Surely at evening still He comes—with  
pardon,

Walking earth's gardens with the  
sons of men.

*Katharine A. Brock.*

Good Words.

## MUTE OPINION.

I traversed a dominion

Whose spokesmen spoke out strong  
Their purpose and opinion

Through pulpit, press and song.

I scarce had means to note there

A large eyed few, and dumb,

Who thought not as those thought there

That stirred the heat and hum.

When, grown a Shade, beholding

That land in lifetime trode,

To learn if its unfolding

Fulfilled its clamored code,

I saw, in web unbroken,

Its history outwrought,

Not as the loud had spoken,

But as the dumb had thought.

*Thomas Hardy.*

Farewell, farewell, a long farewell to  
thee,

O happy isle, blue girdled of the sea!

Fair are thy fields of green that fade  
to gray,

And dim mine eyes, with watching  
wistfully

The lengthening of the endless watery  
way.

Farewell, farewell, a long farewell to  
thee!

Farewell, farewell, a long farewell to  
thee!

Thine is my love, and thine the heart  
of me,

Through all the widening of the alien  
years

My hopes be thine, and thine the mem-  
ory

That brightens through the bitterness  
of tears.

Farewell, farewell, a long farewell to  
thee!

Farewell, farewell, a long farewell to  
thee!

Thou art the world, what other world  
could be?

Lo! I had hoped, when life was o'er,  
to die

Upon thy breast, and smiling peace-  
fully

To whisper, ere words falter to a sigh,  
Farewell, farewell, a long farewell to  
thee!

*G. Constant Lounsbury.*

## SEEKERS AFTER GOD.

If on some still and sombre night

One set a candle on the ground,

The worm and the woodlouse, lured by  
the light,

Ere long will gather round:

Those dingy lodgers of the Dark,

That move men's loathing and dis-  
gust,

To greet the splendor of Light's poor-  
est spark

Grope through the mould and dust!

*Lucilla.*

The Spectator.









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